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# STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN;

OR,

A SKETCH

OF

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON.

BY REV. THOMAS BINNEY.

"



BOSTON:

WM. CROSBY AND H. P. NICHOLS,  
No. 111 Washington Street.

1851.

HV28  
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HOBART & ROBBINS;  
New England Type and Stereotype Foundery,  
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LC Control Number



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE substance of the "Lecture," which is here reprinted from the English edition, was delivered in Exeter Hall, London, before the "Young Men's Christian Association," as one of a series instituted by the Association, in connection with other efforts for "the improvement of the spiritual and mental condition of commercial young men." In his prefatory advertisement, the writer apologizes for the length to which the discourse has been extended in his subsequent preparation of it for the press. We do not think the readers of this excellent sketch of an admirable man will feel any disposition to complain of undue minuteness of detail, or tedious comment. Some passages might have been made more agreeable to the American publishers by a slight modification of the sentiment or language, but they have not thought it proper to omit or alter anything. Those

who may wish to gain a fuller acquaintance with the character of Sir Fowell Buxton, or with the events of his life, are referred to the "Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, with Selections from his Correspondence, edited by his Son, Charles Buxton, Esq.," republished in Philadelphia the last year.

## SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, BART.

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TOWARDS the close of the last century, about the year 1798, as it was drawing nigh to the Easter holidays, a respectable widow lady, neatly apparellled as a member of the Society of Friends,—or with just, perhaps, a shade or two less than what was required by professional strictness,—might have been seen on her way from London to Greenwich, where she had two or three of her sons at school. One of them was a lad of some twelve years of age. He was bold and impetuous—rather of a violent and “domineering disposition;” he had been fatherless from his sixth year, and his mother had “allowed him to assume, at home, the position and airs of the master of the house:” “his brothers and sisters had to yield him obedience;” he felt himself rather encouraged “to play the little tyrant,” and was not very reluctant to try the character. During the Christmas holidays previous to the time we refer to, “Master Fowell had been angry, and had struck his sister’s governess;” and, to punish this outbreak, Master Fowell had been threatened with being left at school when his

brothers should return home at Easter. Circumstances, however, led the mother to think she had better not carry the threat into effect, and so she went down to Greenwich to see the boy, and settle the matter with him. She received an answer combining in it something of heroism and something of hardihood, — the latter, however, so predominating, that “she left him, resolutely, to his punishment.” The boy did not stay very long at school after this. He never made much progress there. He got other boys to do his exercises; and at fifteen returned home, and stayed at home doing nothing but what he pleased; — and what *did* please him was, riding, and shooting, and boating — reading for amusement — or anything but work. He had good expectations as to property, — but some of these were blasted; — and at two-and-twenty, with a wife and child, he would have given anything “for a situation of £100 a-year, if he had to work twelve hours a day for it.” Now, let the principal points of that picture be attentively observed and kept firmly in remembrance, and then turn with me to another.

We will come down to within four years of the present time — to February, 1845. Imagine yourselves standing before the residence of a country gentleman, — a hall, with its lawn, and fields, and old trees; with its garden, and park,

and woodlands,— and all the other signs of the worldly wealth and the respectable social standing of its possessor. We will draw nigh, and enter, and observe. The owner of this fair domain appears to be the head of a numerous household. Sons and daughters, children and grandchildren, have sprung from him. Many of them are here. Everything in the house indicates substance, elegance, refinement;— everything about its inmates, education, talent, accomplishments, piety. But where are we now? Hush! Tread softly;— we have approached and are entering the chamber of a dying man! The master of the mansion is nigh to his last hour, and all things seem to say to us, "*Mark the perfect man and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.*" He is resigned, calm, hopeful, triumphant. He utters expressions of the most spiritual nature, indicating his familiar acquaintance with the truths of evangelical religion, and his deep experience of vital godliness!— But his family have gathered about his bed. He has fallen asleep. All is over! What a deep, sacred silence has succeeded those last, lingering indications of life!— a silence broken at length by the brother of the dead — a man publicly distinguished and extensively venerated for wisdom, devotion, piety and goodness. His voice, tremulous with emotion, yet rising into clear-

ness and force as he gives utterance to his calm joy, grateful admiration and firm faith, conveys to us these thrilling words of truth and love: "Never was death more still, and solemn, and gentle! This chamber presents one of the fairest pictures that ever met the eye! *Such an expression of intellectual power and refinement, — of love to God and man, — I have never before seen in any human countenance.*"

But now, connect with this which is passing within, the knowledge and indications of what is passing without, and include in the picture, or combine rather with it, in your recollections, subsequent events. The illness and death of this man are matters of national interest. He is spoken of in the newspapers, of both city and country, as one who had passed a public life of great usefulness and distinction; whose condition excites constant inquiries, and widespread sympathy; and whose death is tremblingly anticipated as a blow that will reverberate through half the world. His funeral, though as private as possible, is like the gathering of a clan, or the meeting and mourning of many tribes. His memory is to be honored by a public monument. The husband of the queen heads the subscription. Numbers throughout the land, of all ranks, join willingly in the work. Multitudes from afar—rescued and liberated bondsmen, with hearts bearing on

them the name, heaving and beating at the remembrance of their advocate and benefactor — bring together pence and half-pence from so many hands that £450 was sent over by *them!* FIFTY THOUSAND persons, exclusive of those in this country, subscribe to this monument. And at length it is raised — raised in Westminster Abbey; — the highest distinction this that can be conferred on man, — the greatest and richest honor that the first and greatest nation in the world has in its power to pay to science, to arms, to genius, or to virtue ! There he stands; — the raw, rude boy of 1798, transformed into the noble, intellectual, patriotic, public man, — the devout and pious Christian, whose loss, in 1845, is mourned alike at the equator and the Indies ! The lad, who was content to depend on the help of others for his learning, and who seemed at one time to care for nothing but vagrant and volatile enjoyment, — *he* grew into this good, great and heroic man ; and he stands there in his place, in the noblest edifice of the empire, among poets, politicians, and philanthropists, elevated to the rank and sharing the immortality of those various forms of beneficence or greatness that have adorned the land and done honor to human nature !

Such are the two pictures presented by Sir Fowell Buxton to the thoughtful and reflective reader, at the beginning and the close of life ; —

and the object I have in view to-night is, to show you how the one picture grew and changed into the other. You are to mark the beginning and the advance of this process ; — its cause or occasion, its elements and auxiliaries, or anything else of importance connected with it ; and then, you are to lay to heart the lessons that it teaches, and to reduce to practice these lessons in your lives.

There are *three questions* to be asked respecting Sir Fowell Buxton — to each of which the printed book\* lying before us affords full, satisfactory, and suggestive replies ; but which I can do nothing with to-night, except to direct you, by a few hints, how to reply to, by reading and studying the book for yourselves.

The three points, then, to be investigated respecting Sir Fowell Buxton you will find to turn upon what he *did* ; — on what he *was*, to be capable of doing it ; — and on *how he came to be* what he was. That is to say, — What were the things which constituted his outward, visible life, — which men saw, and could judge of and appreciate ? What were those inward elements — those sources of power and strength, of either head or heart — which were the vital main-springs of his active being ? — and then, again, the last question, — How was

\* “The Life of Sir T. F. Buxton, Bart.” By his son, Charles Buxton, Esq.

it that his mind was awakened? — what gave it its direction, — determined its orbit, — influenced its movements? How much had he originally in himself? — how much, and what, did he owe to circumstances? — to the influence of others? — to luck? to accident? to fortune? or to God?

I wish to say a few things to help you to a solution of these inquiries.

## I.

The first question respects what Sir Fowell Buxton *did*, — what was visible to the world, and might be “seen and read of all men.” I shall attempt a very brief enumeration of the facts of his public life.

What did Sir Fowell Buxton *do*? Why, in the first place, he got married. He married in 1807, just when he came of age, — he was about six weeks beyond twenty-one. In 1808, he had both wife and child, but had nothing to do. He had, as I before hinted, failed to inherit large Irish property which he once counted upon; and now, though not in positive want, was yet anxious for employment, and, as has been said, would have been glad of a clerk’s place of a hundred a-year. He thought of turning Blackwell Hall factor; and revolved, probably, many other plans. However, he was brought into contact with his uncles, the Han-

burys; and after an interview or two, he was received as a clerk at a salary, with the promise of a partnership at the end of three years. In 1811, when his probation expired, he obtained that partnership; — he retained it to the end of his life; and, in consequence mainly of his suggestions and superintendence, the business of the firm so increased as to produce to the members of it large profits. Sir F. Buxton became possessed of considerable property, the greater portion of it, I imagine, so directly the result of his own exertions, that it may be said of him, — what you, young men, should remember is a great and honorable secular testimony, — that, in respect to his wealth and worldly advancement, as a man of business, if not the absolute *founder*, he was at least *the builder up*, of his own fortune. Unquestionably, *the greatest* thing that can be said of a man is, “that he had no father; that he sprang from nothing, and made himself; that he was born mud and died marble:” but the next best thing is, “that, *having* something, he made it more; — *being given* the fulcrum, — the standing point for his energies, — he invented his machines and wrought his engines, till he made conquests and gained territory that gave lustre to the paternal name which lent him at first its own for his beginnings.”

The Greenwich school-boy, then, is now the

man of business in Spitalfields; with plenty on his hands daily in the city, and a family constantly increasing at home. He is interested and active, however, in religious and benevolent societies,—in the instruction of the poor, and the relief of the destitute;—till, in 1816, when he had attained his thirtieth year, an event occurred which marked him out for public life far beyond the precincts of Spitalfields, and was the immediate occasion of his entrance upon it. This was a speech which he delivered at a meeting held for the relief of the Spitalfields weavers, and presided over by the Lord Mayor. The effect of this speech was extraordinary. I have no doubt its delivery told on the audience, not only from the fulness and character of its information and facts, but from the commanding person of the speaker, his rich voice, benignant countenance, and pathetic tones. Without these accessories, however,—simply as a speech reported in the newspapers,—the impression of it was deep and extensive. It was republished by opposite political parties. It was circulated extensively. It was a principal means of producing a splendid royal benefaction; and it called forth from Mr. Wilberforce a letter to the speaker, hailing him as an acquisition for the support and advocacy of every good cause, and anticipating and

urging his appearance in parliament as the appropriate sphere of his talents and influence.

In 1817, he published a work on PRISON DISCIPLINE. Six editions of it were sold the first year. It gave depth and extent to that sympathy with the subject which many already felt, and greatly elevated the writer's reputation. It was referred to in parliament by the most illustrious speakers, and in the most glowing terms. It was translated into other tongues. It produced fruit in Ireland, in France, in Turkey, and India, besides its immediate results among ourselves. It is a fine thing this! — a Spitalfields brewer, a man busily engaged in seeing to business, and making his fortune; drawn, on the one hand, by relative attractions, and meeting, on the other, his full proportion of domestic care; — at the age of thirty, producing a book which instantaneously affected the largest hearts and the loftiest minds in different nations; — *told* in the councils of state and the closets of kings; — aroused the zeal and guided the activity of the philanthropic; — excited the admiration and called forth the eulogy of distinguished philosophers and eloquent patriots, and produced immediate *practical* results not only in England and on the continent, but in those distant oriental regions, the oldest inhabited by man, and that new western world, in which society is appearing in its latest developments.

In 1818, *he entered* PARLIAMENT. He had a seat in that assembly till 1837. During these nineteen years, he pursued his own special objects, and took comparatively little part in general politics. The great cause to which he was devoted was the emancipation of the slaves in the British colonies. He was selected by Wilberforce to succeed to the leadership of that great movement. He accepted the trust with a deep sense of its responsibility and sacredness; he gave to it his strength and time, his intellect and heart, his days and nights, his enthusiasm and devotion; he discharged it with conscientious faithfulness, with unflinching zeal, with eminent ability, and, by God's blessing, with ultimate success. For ten years,—from the year 1823, when he made his first memorable motion on the subject, to the year 1833, when it was first taken up by government and finally settled,—it was the grand object, the absorbing pursuit, its service and advocacy the predominant and ruling passion, of his life. To those of you who are not old enough (and few of those whom I address are so) to have any *personal* remembrance of the earlier stages, and of the battle and war that marked the culmination and the close of the anti-slavery struggle, much of the volume before us will have great interest; some parts of it stirring the soul like the incidents of a tragedy, and others carrying it away

as with the excitement of a romance; and yet this one book is *but one* of what are written, or what might be written, on this subject.

The anti-slavery cause, however, though the principal, was not the exclusive object of Sir Fowell Buxton's energies. Prison discipline; the criminal law, especially as relating to capital punishments; the cause of the Hottentots in South Africa; the Mauritius slave trade; the condition, treatment, rights and claims, of the aboriginal inhabitants of our various colonies;—these, with frequent matters of special temporary interest connected with the slaves or slave owners, and every sort of kindred subject, occupied the attention and commanded the services of Sir Fowell Buxton while in parliament. In that assembly,—with all its imperfections, the first in the world for knowledge and ability; the most difficult to win, the hardest to subdue; the keenest in its perception of ignorance and pretence; the plainest in its demonstrations of inattention or contempt; the most stringent in its demands for something worth hearing, if the man is to *continue* to be heard; and the most just, generally, in the long run, to unequivocal proofs of fulness and power;—in that assembly, Sir Fowell Buxton soon took a distinguished place. He always commanded attention and respect, however his views might provoke opposition. He was the leader or the colleague of

some of its noblest and mightiest men ; and, along with them, and even personally, he wielded an influence which made itself felt not only in the obedience of followers, but ultimately on the councillors of the sovereign, the laws of the realm, and the dissolution and re-construction of a state of society, in the upholding of which a powerful, active and determined class had, as they imagined, all their hopes and interests involved. It is not surprising that such a man, when at length he lost his election, should immediately have been invited to represent, and should have received offers of support from, TWENTY-SEVEN other places !

When Sir Fowell Buxton left parliament, and retired into private life, his thoughts still turned to and fondly lingered on his favorite objects. His last great subject of interest was a plan for the suppression of the slave-trade, and the civilization of Africa. To promote this, he devoted much time and great labor to the collection of information, and then to the production of a volume entitled "**THE SLAVE-TRADE AND ITS REMEDY.**" Out of these thoughts and utterances, in connection with the aid and enterprise of associates, sprang the Niger expedition ; the equipment and despatch of three vessels to the coast of Africa, with (all must acknowledge) the purest and noblest intentions, however unfortunate and disastrous the result. The

failure of this last great scheme of our magnanimous philanthropist—strong and magnanimous as he was—affected him much, and told, doubtless, on his once athletic and iron frame. His health had been visibly declining for some time; but with the Niger expedition his public life closed and determined.

It remains only further to be stated, that, during the whole of Sir Fowell Buxton's career, he was the personal friend and public advocate of many great RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS. The Bible Society, Church Missions, City Missions, and kindred confederacies, had at once his influence, his eloquence, his purse, and his prayers. He had intimate friendships with spiritual Christians of different sects, though the most numerous and close were, of course, in his own church, and among his own kindred. He was venerated and beloved as an eminently devout and holy man, by those who knew him best. He was stigmatized as a fanatic and a saint, by those who could find nothing against him but what “concerned the law of his God.” At length, worn out by public labor, but laden with honors, and ripe in goodness—distinguished by title, which his sovereign, the fountain of earthly rank, spontaneously conferred, and still more by the hand and grace of the King of kings—at the comparatively early age of fifty-nine, our illustrious philanthropist was called to his re-

pose. His life, in all respects, was eminently prosperous, useful, and happy. He was blessed in relation to both worlds—in the concerns alike of his spiritual interests and public career. He who “gave him power to get wealth,”—who surrounded him with friends and family, and made his home as a paradise about him,—who gave him success in most of his works for his generation and his race,—sustained him to the last by spiritual influences and religious faith, so that the closing scene was one of radiant hope and tranquil triumph ! Thus aided, honored and blessed, Sir Fowell Buxton purposed and worked, and lived and died ; and *when* he died, it was felt by numbers of all classes, of various churches, and of many lands, that “**A PRINCE AND A GREAT MAN HAD FALLEN IN ISRAEL.**”

## II.

This brief and rapid review—meagre and imperfect as it is—of what Sir Fowell actually *did*, brings us to the other questions which we proposed respecting him. What *was* he, who did all this, as to his *inward self*? What were the constituent elements of his mind and character? What were the interior sources—intellectual, moral, or emotional—of that kind and degree of outward and visible action which we have surveyed? And *how came he to be* this? *Whence* was that inward man that underlay

and animated the outward? How much of him was elementary and inherent—born with the latter—and slumbering, from the first, in his rude material? How much of him was added, or superinduced, by subsequent event or divine donation? By what means, circumstances, agents, plans, were the life and faculties of this inward man evoked, developed, strengthened, sustained? These and similar questions will present themselves to reflective observers, in respect to Sir Fowell Buxton, as, indeed, such inquiries naturally do in relation to all kindred cases; and it is from the replies to these questions, and from your careful study of the book by which the materials of such replies are furnished, that my hope springs of you, young men, deriving great and lasting good from your contemplation of the subject of the present lecture.

What Sir Fowell Buxton was,—and how he came to be what he was,—we shall not pursue as separate inquiries. A brief connected series of observations may be so constructed as to include and combine what will furnish a reply to both questions at once. Observe, then, how the case stands. To put it in all its completeness before you, may involve an anticipation of one or two points not yet strictly in court, nor properly belonging to what Buxton *did*. Still, we are disposed to include them in

the statement of the question, by finishing off with them the portrait of the man. Mark, then, the combination of phenomena in front of us. A somewhat rude, thoughtless, idle lad, of desultory habits, without any stirring within him of the aspiration of genius, or of high intellectual and literary tastes; who had nothing remarkable about him as a school-boy; who read as a youth only for amusement, and lived apparently only for his horses, his guns, and dogs; who, at nineteen or twenty, lost property he had expected to inherit; and, at twenty-two, was a husband and a father, but without employment, and wanting money;—*this lad* grows up, in after life, after passing through that pecuniary pinch of his early manhood, not only into a man of wealth and influence, but into an author, a legislator, and a saint; into a person distinguished by intellectual vigor—whose writings displayed ample knowledge, high culture, forcible argument, eloquence and pathos; into a public speaker of commanding power, parliamentary reputation, and substantial popularity; into a public man of influence and weight not to be withstood—filling a place in the eye of the nation, and doing a work in the politics of the world; into a character, moreover, distinguished by holy and spiritual qualities, as well as by such as were intellectual, moral, social, philanthropic; that was as much distinguished

by its grace and beauty, as by its strength and massiveness,—as condescending and gentle as it was majestic; and which, while exposed perpetually to the dust and dirt of this earthly life — the choking and contaminating influences of the world — ever seemed to be surrounded by the atmosphere, to be basking in the sunlight, refreshed by the breezes, and colored with the hues of heaven. *How was it*, we ask, *that all this came about?* That the man was what he was *at all?* and that he continued to be it to the end?

Let us see.

I. In the first place, he was distinguished by *power*. His determinations were supreme and regal. His purpose, once fixed, was inflexible. His perseverance in action — his independence and self-trust — his capacity for courageous and continued labor — were as great and remarkable as the pertinacity, force, and decision of his will. For all this, — constituting the predominant elements of his character, and some of the prime sources of his success, — he was indebted to his parents, especially to his mother; — indebted to them on grounds partaking at once of necessity and virtue, — of fixed, settled law, and of free moral intention. His father died when he was six years old. He was a man of sense and goodness, of temperate and healthy habits, of pure life and benevolent instincts; and he

gave to his son, by God's blessing, and by his own and his wife's virtue, a vigorous constitution, a well-knit and firmly compacted body, however loose or unwieldy it might look at first. Sir Fowell Buxton inherited from his parents the great and incalculable blessing of a sound, healthy physical structure; a robust, muscular frame—and with that, (my philosophical and religious creed alike teach,) many important elements of character—as to temperament, disposition, moral instincts, tastes, tendencies; aspirations ready to be awakened; capacities and powers having within them a native impulsive force towards the good and the better, rather than the bad. The truth embodied in these remarks *is* a truth, the doubts and dogmas of certain good men notwithstanding. It is one to which a false delicacy—a delicacy rather diseased than healthy, rather prurient than pure—prevents allusion to be plainly made. I have no doubt about universal human depravity, in the sense of the universal, natural destitution of godliness; but as to the constitutional condition of individuals, in respect to many original tastes and impulses of a moral nature, there are vast differences between men, and among them all kinds and degrees of depravity; and the great point is, that this is owing to the intellectual, moral, and physical condition of fathers and mothers. The transmission to children of intel-

lectual, moral, and physical tendencies is a great fact; it is one to which the attention of the young should be turned, instead of its being tacitly or openly tabooed, for it is one in which they are directly interested. According as they practically act in relation to it, they may injure or benefit the coming generation,—may make the fulfilment of their duties as parents facile or difficult—and the feelings with which they shall regard their offspring as dew to the heart, or as a serpent to the soul.

It is of vast advantage to be born of healthy and virtuous parents; it is a further advantage to be the children of those whose intellect has been thoroughly disciplined and developed; a further still, to be surrounded in infancy and early childhood with such guiding and elevating home-influences as tend to inspire pure tastes and high aspirations, and to create or strengthen repugnance to whatever is low, sensual, or false; and, last of all, it is a blessing and an advantage, utterly incalculable, to have for a mother a woman of sense, superiority, and goodness; with force of character; with talents and cleverness; of solid information; with tact, temper, patience, and skill, fitted to train and mould the mind, to implant principles, and awaken a lofty and laudable ambition; and all this presided over and purified by religious faith, deep piety, and earnest devotion. These are the mothers

that the church and the world alike want. The destinies of the race depend more on its future mothers than on anything else: that is to say, on the sort of women that young girls and young ladies are to be made into, or into which they will make themselves; and the sort of wives that young men will have the sense to prefer, the judgment to select, and the happiness to secure. There is nothing so little thought of by the young, and no single thing that would be in its issues of such moment, as for the one sex to remember that they are born to be the makers of future men, and for the other to feel that what they want in marriage are not merely mates for themselves, but mothers for their children. Clever women are of more importance to the world than clever men. I refer, of course, not to illustrious individuals on whom society depends for advance in the arts, in legislation, or in science— who extend the boundaries of knowledge, who receive and pass the torch of genius, perpetuate eloquence, or preserve truth; I refer to the culture and strength that may distinguish the *general mind*— the characteristics of the mass of men and women who constitute society, and from whom not only posterity, as a whole, will receive an impress, but among whom the individual hero, too, must be born and bred. On the two suppositions that all men were clever and all women weak—or that all the

women were superior and all the men fools—there would be by far the best prospect for the world on the *latter* alternative, both with respect to the general condition of the race, and the appearance of those who should be personally eminent for ability and genius. The mother has most to do with all that awakens the young spirit in its early freshness, and that makes *that child* that is to be “father to the man;” and she gives, perhaps, more of the impress of her whole being, physical and mental, to the original constitution and capacities of her offspring. Weak men, with superior wives, have had sons distinguished by very high intellectual ability; but the greatest men, with fools for their portion, have seldom been anything but the fathers of fools. The great Lord Bacon was the representative of one that would have been memorable and illustrious but for the gigantic and overshadowing genius of his son. His father, Sir Nicholas, was twice married; his first wife was a weak woman, and bore nothing but a mean and poor intellectual offspring; his second wife was distinguished and superior,—a woman of capacity, of strong sense, mental culture, and great energy; *she was the mother of Bacon.* Without denying that there are many exceptions to what we affirm, we still *do* affirm, that the facts and phenomena are of such a nature, in relation to this question, as clearly to indicate

*the general law*, that men, for the most part, constitutionally,—not only as to their bodies, but as to their intellectual powers, their moral instincts, and their capacity to take a higher or lower polish from external influences,—are, very much, not only what their remote progenitors in Paradise provided for, but what their immediate fathers and mothers make them.

Still, whatever may be the constitutional capacity of a boy, the turn that he may take, the forms into which the general power may evolve, depend greatly on first impressions and early management; and here it is that the mother is so important to the future man. Weak, trifling, careless, and selfish mothers will neglect often the finest material; ignorant of the value of what they hold in their hands, incapable of fashioning it, negligent and perverse, they allow it to remain raw, rude, and un-worked,—or they give it a wrong and hurtful direction,—or they suffer it to shape itself, moved from within by blind impulses which it was their part to have purified and controlled; or caught by objects and influences from without, which act upon “the flesh” like the atmosphere on the dead. Now, I do not mean to say that Sir Fowell Buxton’s mother was the wisest and most accomplished woman in the world;—that she had no weakness, or committed no error in the management of her children. It is

rather, perhaps, to be admitted that she went to an extreme in her methods of securing *that one thing* which she strongly and pr  eminently desiderated for her son; but then she succeeded,—we must remember that. He turned out the sort of man that she wished to make him. Her desire was, that he should have a strong, vigorous, decided character; have mental independence, moral courage, an unconquerable will. Her idea of a man was, robustness, power, self-trust, general capacity for any achievement he might deem it right to undertake,—united, however, with candor and benevolence, loving thoughts, sympathy with suffering, and impatience with, and hostility to, injustice and wrong. She despised whatever was weak, effeminate, and luxurious. She erred somewhat in allowing Fowell, as the eldest son, while yet but a boy, to assume the position of the master of the house, and in requiring his brothers and sisters to obey him. But she peremptorily demanded his obedience herself. Her rules were, in one direction, “little indulgence but much liberty;” and in another, “implicit obedience, unconditional submission.” Fowell was encouraged to converse with her as an equal, and to form and express his opinions without reserve. The consequence was, that he early acquired the habit of resolutely thinking and acting for himself; and to this habitual independence and

decision he was accustomed to say that he stood indebted for all the success he had met with in life. But, along with this element of power, it was Mrs. Buxton's object to inspire her children with sentiments that would induce self-denial and self-sacrifice, and render them thoughtful for the happiness of others. His father, when filling the office of sheriff, devoted his attention to the condition of the prisoners and the discipline of the jail. His mother talked with him, there can be little doubt, of this circumstance, — it is known that she did of the horrors of the slave-trade and the sufferings of the slave. It is as natural, therefore, in fact, as it is beautiful in itself and encouraging to others, to find him saying to her, in the meridian of his manhood and in the midst of his multitudinous and merciful pursuits, "*I constantly feel, especially in action and exertion for others, the effects of principles early implanted by you in my mind.*" He had a high idea of his mother's character; her large-mindedness, intellect, courage, disinterestedness, generosity, and general excellence. His love for her was strong, his veneration great; and mothers who have really earned love and veneration are very seldom defrauded of either. She lived to see him all that she could wish, and far more, perhaps, than she had once hoped. Time did more than justify the trust and fulfil the prediction, which,

when his self-will as a boy was remarked to her, she expressed by saying, "Never mind; he is self-willed now — you will see it turn out well in the end."

This, then, is the one great, predominating, regal power which characterized Sir F. Buxton's inner life, and made him what he was. He was a man of strong energy, stern purpose, with an indomitable will, and at the same time capable, from his physical vigor, of long-continued and intense application. His appearance was herculean; his soul large and powerful, like his body. Having made up his mind that a thing was possible and ought to be attempted, he put forth his hand, and never withdrew it, and never flagged. Convinced that he was right, he stood his ground with unflinching and manly courage, and was willing to suffer in his private friendships or public popularity. The basis of all this consisted partly in the original conformation of his body and mind, and partly in the impressions made upon him by his mother — the habits she encouraged, the principles she implanted, the soul she sought to breathe into him, or to awaken, by the whole of her influence; and in this she was aided by a singular assistant, whom Buxton used to call his "first tutor." This was the gamekeeper — Abraham Plaistow. But Abraham Plaistow was no common

character, no ordinary “preserver of game,” whether the title belongs to serf or sovereign. He was one of those remarkable men who are sometimes to be met with in humble life, who are constitutionally constructed of the very best materials;—composed of the same marble or clay of which the finest specimens of humanity are made;—of whom consist the “Village Hampdens,” the “bloodless Cromwells,” the “mute, inglorious Miltons,” of the poet,—pieces and blocks of the raw material of heroic men. Under the auspices and tuition of this gamekeeper, young Buxton acquired his taste for hunting and shooting, and was indebted to him for much of his skill in these accomplishments. But he owed to him better and higher things. Abraham was a thorough and noble *man*. He was a philosopher and a general;—a wise, good, and sagacious friend, who had counsels to give and principles to implant;—a resolute master, too, of his young pupils, who, when they were in the wrong, carried his point and would be obeyed. He could neither read nor write. But his memory was stored with rustic knowledge; his heart was the seat of integrity and honor; he was intellectual in his way; a great original; undaunted, fearless, and with moral courage equal to his animal insensibility to danger. To his constant companionship with such “a guide, philosopher,

and friend," in all his out-door occupations and pursuits, young Buxton was greatly indebted for the growth and nurture of that manly robustness of character, and that high-souled superiority to meanness and wrong, of which it was the object of the watchful in-door maternal influence to sow the seeds.

The seeds were sown. They took deep root. There were soon strength and independence enough, — rude energy, self-will, with fondness for violent physical exertions ; but no indications of intellectual ambition, literary taste, or high personal aspirations and aims. At fifteen, Sir Fowell Buxton was most perilously circumstanced. He had left school : had no tutor ; no pursuits but what he was pleased to select for himself ; he had not made great progress in learning ; he was a bad scholar, but a good shot ; his delight was to be in the fields, with a horse under him, or with a gun in his hand and a bird in his eye ; or in a boat ; or with his dogs ; or reading for amusement, but shirking whatever was of a higher flight. His manners, too, were uncouth ; he was awkward, ungraceful ; had not acquired external polish, nor could enter with ease into elegant society. His friends sometimes would try ridicule to correct his roughness, instead of which it discouraged and annoyed. It was altogether a dangerous experiment. His permitted idleness, his devo-

tion to sport, his want of personal grace and accomplishments, and his friends and relatives' mode of reproof, were all alike perilous to the lad. He was just at a point where the raw material, of which his character as yet only consisted, might be taken and worked for evil or for good. With all his natural better instincts, and his internal superiority to gross vice, *if* he had fallen into bad hands, had his worser impulses been fostered by the influence of such associates as sporting lads generally meet with, — it might have been that even *he* would have sunk down into all that was debasing; for others as pure, as manly, and as innocent, have thus been corrupted, — “strong men” have been wounded and slain by “the sins of their youth.” His natural force of character was such that it was once said of him, “he never was a child, — he was a man in petticoats.” Force and will are not in themselves necessarily virtuous. Many of the most decided and earnest of men have been bad. Strength, power, determination, daring, are all good, if well directed, — by a soul filled with light from on high, purified from the flesh, and liberated from the downward domination of evil. In themselves they are capable of contrary action, like great natural or scientific forces; like fire, that may comfort or consume; rain, that may fertilize or inundate; the wheel, whose motion

may regulate the machinery or whirl it to atoms; the powder, that may blast and shatter the rock, and thus remove obstacles and advance civilization, or that may direct the murderous bullet of the assassin, or blow the inhabitants of a city into the air. He who in childhood was never a child certainly might, in his sixteenth year, have shown that he could be in reckless liberty a man. But he was saved from the dangers that then surrounded him, partly, we admit, by something inherently noble in himself, but principally by a new set of influences from without, which came upon him like light from heaven, revealed him to himself, and revealed to him also a vision of another and a higher world, even in this, than any of which he had yet dreamed. This was the grand turning-point in Sir Fowell Buxton's life. It was the taking up of the raw material of his inward being into a new loom of elaborate construction, to be worked into a web of finer texture, and to have its colors disposed by delicate hands into a more splendid and perfect pattern than had yet been designed. It was the giving to his strong general power a right direction and noble aim. It was this that, more than anything else, shaped and moulded the future man, after he had received that substantial strength which fitted him to bear, and enabled him to meet, to welcome and reward.

the influences and the agents of the mighty change. To this crisis of Sir Fowell Buxton's history, which he ever acknowledged as the point where Providence most conspicuously met him, by bringing him in contact with those to whom, under God, was due from him the greatest debt of gratitude he owed, we now advance, as *the second thing* which contributed to make and keep him what he was.

II. In advancing to this second particular, I should like to explain—which perhaps I ought to have done sooner—my own views of the position I now occupy, and the work I have set myself to do. I am not here exclusively in my official character. We are not a church. We do not meet for worship, though we deem it right to begin by supplicating the Divine blessing. I am not standing up at present to preach the Gospel, nor to address you on spiritual and supernatural truth,—in the way, at least, in which that should be done in connection with our Sunday solemnities. There are seasons of which it is your duty to avail yourselves, and places to which you should regularly resort, when and where worship is conducted and instruction given, the *direct* aim of which is, the impression on the conscience of Divine things, and the nurture in the soul of the Divine life. In lectures like these, it is rather our object either so to interest the intel-

lect by science, history, literature, or *general* aspects of philosophical and Biblical truth, as to promote amongst you those mental habits, to direct and stimulate those tastes, which may be auxiliary to a high religious and moral purpose; or, as in the present case, to investigate a character, or depict the “story of a life,” which, while it will include many things bearing on the spiritualities of the next world, will yet derive much of its interest from its having to do with the business and the pleasures of this;—with the incident and enterprise,—the fears, affections, hopes, disappointments,—the successes, connections,—the secular virtues, and the minor morals as well as others,—which belong to our present, earthly, every-day existence. Many things may be referred to here, which are excluded from the pulpit; and many lessons given, and many subjects of thought started, which it would not do to put into a sermon, but which may be very important, nevertheless, for young men, whom, *in a good sense*, we wish to be “men of the world” as really as we wish them to be *Christians* in the highest and the best. I believe it to be the Divine idea and will, that men—that is to say, that you young men, now here—should make the best of *both* worlds; that everything belonging to you, your faculties and affections, your powers of varied and vigorous action, and of

purified and virtuous enjoyment, in relation to the “life that now is,” should all be called forth, and should meet their fitting exercise and reward, as well as those deeper capabilities of your being which belong to that “life which is to come.” I shall not hesitate, therefore, to introduce, and to request you to mark, learn, remember, and digest, many things that may only contain hits and monitions of a purely prudential and secular sort. All men and women are *essentially* the same;—the same great crises await every one and are alike to all;—the same inward awakening, the same outward warfare, the same mysterious, moulding influences springing up in the inner man, or coming down from event and circumstance. . The same solid, substantial stuff of which the real essence of life consists,—the experience, vicissitudes, duties, dangers, of this mortal state,—belongs equally to all ranks and all classes. He who “fashioneth the hearts of men alike” has given one *essentially* similar to the queen on the throne and the maiden in the meadow;—the one holds the sceptre and the other handles a rake, but both have within them, *simply as beings and creatures of this life*, what makes them more really one than all that is external can make them two. So, whatever be the position of any individual portrayed before you,—whatever his birth or patrimony, his education

or talents, the theatre of his exertions or the compass of his fame, the business he transacts, the things he achieves, the society he belongs to or into which he is introduced, the men and women to whom he becomes attached or who attach themselves to him,—everything, in short, that affects his character and influences his destiny,—in all these, there may be a *principle* lying, a point involved, *common to every one of you with him*. The youth behind the counter, the clerk at the desk, the warehouseman in his room, may all feel themselves on the same ground with the student at his books, the commander in the field, the minister in the senate, or the artist or author, with his chisel, his brush, his palette, or his pen. So, also, as to the practical philosophy of life. The incidents and events which stir the elements of incipient manhood, which awaken passion, occasion perils, arouse energy, demand prudence, excite, debase, or purify ambition, together with whatever tasks the heart, soul, hand, in the prosecution of man's daily “battle and war,”—all this is substantially the same in peer and peasant, and may be so set forth, in the history of those who have moved the world and “stood before kings,” as to admonish and instruct the Manchester traveller or London apprentice, the shopman or compositor, the son alike of the porter and the principal, the engineer, the

schoolmaster, the carpenter at the bench, or the weaver at the loom. Of course, I consider that you young men, as men, may get much good by looking thoughtfully at the dawn and development of Sir Fowell Buxton's early manhood, though you do not move, and never may move, in the same circle that he did; and that, as those who are to work with head or hands, you may derive many profitable lessons from his life, though you may not *very* confidently anticipate either keeping a carriage or sitting in parliament. Now, observe, it is not so much my intention to draw these practical inferences for you, as to try so to state facts and to connect or depict circumstances, that you may *see* the lessons you should learn, and learn them.

We now proceed, then, to the grand crisis in Sir Fowell Buxton's life. This was his introduction, as a youth, through a boyish friendship with one of its members, to a remarkable and accomplished family. He had become acquainted with John Gurney, the eldest son of John Gurney, Esq., of Earlham Hall, near Norwich. He was invited thither, on a visit, and went. He found himself in a new world. Mr. Gurney had eleven children, all of them, at this time, at home. There were three elder daughters; John, Buxton's friend; then a group of four girls, about Buxton's own age; and

lastly, three younger boys. The father had, for several years, been a widower. He was by profession a Friend, — but not very strict. His worldly position, and long widowhood, — his going into society, and his home hospitalities, — his connection with the literary and the fashionable, on the one side, and with “the straitest sect of our religion,” on the other — had, altogether, a striking effect on the family circle. The members of it were all persons of superior minds — especially the women. One of the elder daughters was already under the influence both of religion and Quakerism; the others were somewhat gay in their habits; all were intellectual. Music, dancing, and drawing, were among their accomplishments; but they were zealously devoted to the higher forms of self-culture, and were strenuous in their endeavors to acquire knowledge, and to strengthen their understandings. There would be signs, I should think, in the doings, and dress, and daily life, of this extraordinary family, indicative of the two spheres to which they belonged. There might be something present, *or absent*, here and there, about their apparel, that just served to show whence they came, and to give increased interest to what they were. There might be little things, in their modes of address and manners towards each other, startlingly beautiful as “*not of the world*,” while

yet, at the same time, that glow and sunlight of earth's gay morning that *is* of the world sat on their brow, and was bright about them. They went a good deal into society, and their power to interest and please would lose nothing, I am persuaded, by the slight tinge of the Quaker element that they might carry with them. At home, all were zealously occupied in self-education. The younger boys, even, sympathized with their sisters, and the whole circle were full of energy in the pursuit of knowledge, and the conquest of difficulties. They were alike hearty in their play and work, their amusements and their studies,—in the exercise of the accomplishments that adorn life, as in the acquisition of knowledge, and the culture and discipline of their best faculties. Sketching and reading in the park, under the shadow of its old trees,—“their custom, often, in an afternoon;”—their excursions on foot,—their long days spent in the woods, gathering wild-flowers, which, though in sport they might decorate the bonnet, were intended in earnestness to instruct in botany; their long, dashing rides on horseback; their conversation on an evening in the old hall; their one day dining out with a lord, and their receiving on another the visit of a prince; their being equally at home with an artist in his studio, an author with his book, or an officer at a ball;—why,

all these things, to our raw, rude Devonshire lad, made Earlham Hall a scene of enchantment. Captivated and delighted, however,—dazzled and entranced, as he unquestionably was, by what he saw in his fair associates, the great point to be observed is, that their mental exercises and intellectual pursuits, their intelligence and taste, their aspirations and aims after self-improvement, were the sources of the influence they exercised over him, and of the manly character of the sympathy they excited. He became a new man. Intellectual tastes and energies were awakened. Studious habits were instantly formed. A course of classical reading commenced. A laudable ambition was enkindled and sustained, which superseded his fondness for the field and the gun. It was, *intellectually*, “a renewing of the mind,”—“a being born again,”—“a conversion,”—a sudden transition “from death to life, and from darkness to light,”—“old things passed away, all things became new.” From the moment that he was subjected to a highly gifted intellectual influence, his whole mental being underwent a change. He proceeded to Earlham a great, idle lad, of sporting propensities, and desultory habits; he left it in purpose and pursuits A MAN. He lived longer in that month than he had seemed to do in previous years, or than he could ever do again in the

same period, except, indeed, in experiencing another and a higher birth. "I know no blessing," he says, "of a temporal nature, for which I ought to render so many thanks, as my connection with the Earlham family. IT HAS GIVEN A COLOR TO MY LIFE. Its influence was most positive and pregnant with good, at that critical period between school and manhood. They were eager for improvement—*I caught the infection.* I was resolved to please them, and in the college at Dublin, at a distance from all my friends, and all control, their influence kept me hard at my books, and sweetened the toil they gave. The distinctions I gained (little valuable as distinctions, but valuable, because habits of industry, perseverance and reflection, were necessary to obtain them) were exclusively the result of the animating passion in my mind, to carry back to them the prizes which they prompted and enabled me to win."

Now, you must observe here, that if the boy Buxton had been naturally of a gross, ignoble nature,—or if he had contracted low tastes and vicious habits, and had really been at home in vulgar society,—this bursting upon him of the refined and elegant, the lofty and the beautiful, would have ruined him. He would have been out of his element; would have felt every ray of intelligence as a detection or a reproach; would have been mortified and abashed, stung

and exasperated, or just stupidly uneasy until he could have stolen away from the companions whose tastes and accomplishments reproved him, and have found more appropriate associates in the stable or the inn. But the new influences operated otherwise, because they were congenial with what lay below in the interior regions of his being, and that only wanted what *they* brought to be developed and displayed. It is to the credit of the lad's own nature that it was worthy to be subjected to such an external test, and that it awoke at the touch, even as a spirit rises at the call of God; and it is to the credit of the Earlham circle, that they guessed the richness of the rude material submitted to their inspection; perceived or divined its inherent qualities; and, instead of treating it with neglect, and leaving it in its rudeness as something not likely to repay the cost of working, strove to refine, and shape, and fashion it, with a faith and *hope* which their instincts inspired, their reason justified, and time fulfilled. Once thoroughly under the influence of cultivated and lofty souls, Buxton's better nature struggled upwards, and he became conscious that he was born for higher things, and might be something nobler and greater than he had yet dreamed of. The spirit testified within him, “ *You also might do that:—‘it is high time to awake out of sleep:’* ”—and the

manly heart purposed and replied, “I might—and *I will*. By His help, without whom I have always been taught nothing is stable, and nothing strong, I will plan, and attempt, and persevere, and achieve. I will ‘put away childish things,’ and abandon perilous pleasures; and I will study, and struggle, and work, and climb, till I have done some justice to the nature and faculties given me by God, and can be welcomed as an equal by those whose present superiority to myself awakens at once my regret and my ambition.” It was thus that Buxton approached and passed the crisis of his life. The account is pregnant with instruction to you, young men, as illustrative of those seeds of things that may possibly lie in the very first intimate friendship you form;—in the character of your acquaintance, and your first visit to the family of your friend; and, if it should be supposed that even at this early stage of his new mental existence, our hero’s half-formed thoughts, and unintelligible impulses, whispered to him, in a sort of inarticulate language, something about becoming worthy of eminent worth,—why, the lessons to be learned, of caution and care, in respect to those intimacies which may operate so mightily for good or evil, are only the more obvious and the more distinct.

The consequence of this infusion of a new

and higher life into Buxton's mind was, that he soon and willingly prepared to go to college. He entered Dublin university. When he first began to study with a private tutor, preparatory to this, he found himself behind most of his associates; but by resolute application, and determined perseverance, he soon overcame that disadvantage. At college, his course was a perpetual triumph. He triumphed over difficulties, he triumphed over others, he triumphed over himself. He took everything every year that it was possible for him to take. There was not a prize, a medal, a certificate, an honor, that he did not obtain. It was the same in a voluntary institution to which he belonged. He received, as a member of the Historical Society, an award of "remarkable thanks," which, though provided for by law, there had never been an opportunity of presenting till he won and had them! During the years that he was thus occupied, letters were forwarded to his mother in Devonshire, and his friends in Norfolk, announcing his success; and it is hard to say in whose heart there would be most gladness,—in hers whose maternal care had fostered his young strength, or in hers whose magic influence had given it its right direction. It is interesting to observe how invigorating and purifying were his Earlham affections: how playfully, when his last honor had been gained,

he begins his letter with a sort of mock mourning over his defeat, lamenting the loss of the certificate and of the gold medal, and then adding, “what is worse—to know that my Earlham visit, as it was the cause of my idleness, was the cause of my disgrace.” Then bursting out—“Think how happy I must be to have to tell you, that my utmost examinationary hopes are realized,—that I have the certificate, and ‘*Valde bene in omnibus*,’ and, what is better, that I can ascribe my success *to nothing but my Earlham visit!*” It was thus that his friendship with a youth like himself led to such happy results;—introduced him to influences which elevated and transformed his inner-self,—awoke his slumbering capacities, and presented to his reason and his heart, *that* which, all through the years of university conflict, he felt to be the inspirer of power within,—a star above,—and a goal before him!

At the termination of his college course, Sir Fowell Buxton received the highest possible compliment to his character and ability, by being solicited to stand for the university, with the assurance of support, and the certainty of being returned to represent it in parliament. He took time to consider, which surprised some; and, after considering, declined,—which surprised more. He never, however, regretted his

determination; and there can be no question that it was wise and right. He had lost his expected Irish estates, and his mother, by some unsuccessful speculations, had materially diminished the family property. His worldly losses, while they enhanced the value of a request to represent the university, rendered public life less attractive, and private devotedness to a profession or to business more necessary. He returned to England. He received the hand of Hannah Gurney,— and looked round for something to which to put forth his own, that he might labor like a man for himself and her. You have already seen in what manner he succeeded in this, in the sketch formerly given of his visible, outward life. We shall now proceed to a third thing, illustrative of the way in which he came to be what he was—furnished and fitted to do what he did. I shall conclude this part, however, of my address, with an extract from a letter of Sir Fowell Buxton to one of his sons, referring to the period of his life just reviewed. It is very appropriate, most characteristic, and contains some of those noble, manly utterances of his energetic soul, on which I principally rely for the good you are to get out of this lecture.

“ You are now at that period of life in which you must make a turn to the right or the left. You must now give proofs of principle, deter-

mination, and strength of mind, — or you must sink into idleness, and acquire the habits and character of a desultory, ineffective young man; and if once you fall to that point, you will find it no easy matter to rise again.

*“I am sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases.* In my own case, it was so. I left school, where I had learned little or nothing, about the age of fourteen. I spent the next year at home, learning to hunt and shoot. Then it was that the prospect of going to college opened upon me, and such thoughts as I have expressed in this letter occurred to my mind. I made my resolutions, and I acted up to them : I gave up all desultory reading — I never looked into a novel or a newspaper — I gave up shooting. During the five years I was in Ireland, I had the liberty of going when I pleased to a capital shooting-place. I never went but twice. In short, I considered every hour as precious, and I made everything bend to my determination not to be behind any of my companions, — and then *I speedily passed from one species of character to another.* I had been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading only books of unprofitable entertainment — I became speedily a youth of steady habits of application, and of irresistible resolution. I soon gained the ground I had lost, and I found those things which were difficult and almost impossi-

ble to my idleness, easy enough to my industry; and *much of my happiness*, and **ALL MY PROSPERITY IN LIFE**, *have resulted from the change I made at your age.* If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend upon it you will for your whole life have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and to act upon that determination."

III. In what has been submitted to you, you have seen two things. You have seen a mass of strong force, that might have yielded to bad influences as well as good, yielding itself to the good. So far, however, even this good, as to ultimate action, is only good *potentially*. Buxton in his early youth, and Buxton in his early manhood, alike consist of *general energy*; only that, in the latter case, his intellectual development by university discipline has vastly increased his sum of power,— power, remember, which may yet be used, so far as it is mere power, for good or evil. Trained and educated ability can do far more than that which is equal in degree, but untaught; its increased capacity, however, simply as such, may be wrongly directed, and come, in the end, to be capacity for mischief. You are next to see, then, in the course and progress of Sir Fowell Buxton, how his general power was not only subjected to a discipline that increased it, but how he himself voluntarily took it, *when*

*thus increased*, and sedulously bent it to a specific preparation for a specific course,—and that course, lofty and laudable.

Though he once had thoughts of going to the bar, he became, as you know, a man of business. Having passed the Rubicon and taken his course, he was out and out, fully and thoroughly, what he professed to be. He entered with all his characteristic energy into “his station and its duties.” Whatever he did, he did at the time “with all his might.” *When* in business, business, very properly, was *in him*. For the hour or the day that it required his attention, he “gave himself wholly to it.” Every bit of him, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot—brain and hands—skill and strength,—when he had to work, *did* work: and sometimes he was at it from early morning till late at night. But this was not frequent, or the necessity for it became less and less. At the same time, then, that he was thus often occupied during the day, he was finding opportunity, morning or evening, for devotion to books. It was not possible that one who had actually been asked to represent a learned university in parliament,—asked as no empty compliment, but in serious earnestness,—by men, as he acknowledged to himself, “of thought and education, honor and principle,—his companions and competitors, who had

known him and observed him for years," — it was not possible but that he should be alive to the thought of the possibility, at least, of the House of Commons being his destination. He was willing, therefore, to avail himself of all the advantages he had previously enjoyed, and to put himself through a designed and elaborate preparation for public life. Without neglecting any duties at Spitalfields, he studied hard to fit himself for St. Stephen's. He read extensively in English literature ; he digested Blackstone, and got some considerable inkling of law ; he went through Montesquieu, and meditated on its general principles as a science ; he studied political economy and kindred subjects ; and thus, by the diligent improvement of "the intervals of business," he labored to acquire so much, and such varied though related, knowledge, that if ever called to go into parliament, he might not have to refuse from conscious unfitness, — have his qualifications to seek at the moment, — or all his life have to cram and read for subjects as they rose.

His maxims of study were like himself. The *principle* that pervades them may be applied by you, not only to studies of a literary sort, but to anything in business that demands force and fixedness of attention. They were these : "Never to begin a book without finishing it ;" "never to consider a book finished till it is

mastered;" and "to study everything *with a whole mind.*" Now, I want you to remember that this "whole-mindedness" was one of the most remarkable things about Sir Fowell Buxton, and one of the great secrets of his success in life. Whatever he thought worth doing at all, he thought worth doing well. He was hearty, earnest, fixed, *united*;—his whole soul, as it were, was knit and compressed together, and bent and concentrated on the point before him. He could be attracted for the time by nothing else. He was equally thus in his business and at his books. "I could brew," he says, "one hour;—do mathematics the next; --- and shoot the next;—and *each with my whole soul.*" The reading of such a man was not something between waking and sleeping, or thinking and dreaming; the reception of impressions made one moment to be obliterated the next; but a great and resolute work—a battle and a victory. The subject studied by the whole mind was taken up by the whole mind. All the faculties apprehended and had it; it was their common property, and was passed with facility from one to another as a familiar thing:—the memory suggesting it to the reason;—the reason handing it to the fancy;—the fancy throwing it to the passions;—till it came out in language from the lips—plain or polished, cut by logic or colored by

imagery — as might best serve the purpose of its possessor. By this mental *entireness* — this throwing of himself in all the strength and bulk of his whole being right down upon his subject, he thoroughly mastered it. It was henceforth his. It was hard work, however, remember. He owed nothing to "genius" in anything he did, and nothing to "inspiration" in anything he uttered. He had no faith in either, for public men; — and he knew that he had neither to trust to, himself. He never trusted to them; or if ever he did, he was ashamed of the presumption. He early obtained and encouraged the belief, that he could do *as well as others*, if he gave *double the time* and labor to the attempt! A very modest, but a very safe and salutary, persuasion! It was thus he worked and labored in London, when first settled in business there, that his natural energy, increased in force and in capacity for action by his college studies, might become charged, so to speak, with all those elements that would make it a genial and beneficial power. Whether he really knew it or not, there was that in him which might affect many, and he was taking sedulously such a course, that out of him might come, at a future day, light to illumine instead of lightning to destroy!

Whatever you may think, there is much in all this to suggest what is useful and practical

to you. It is not necessary to go to college to have within you disciplined and pliable force. It is true, that a thorough university education gives a man an inestimable advantage; still, many of you have had advantages at school fully sufficient to fit you for life, and to put you in possession of the power of vigorous self-culture. It is this, after all, that, in the long run, makes the greatest differences between man and man. Neither school nor college are intended or fitted to finish the education. The discipline of both is not so much designed to give to any one actual knowledge — to set him up on a stock of ideas — as to impart power; to draw out and exercise the faculties, to sharpen and brace them, — to make them at once firm and nimble, vigorous and elastic; and thus to prepare him for future acquisitions. Your classics and mathematics, your arithmetic and grammar, are not so much intended to give you a fulness or variety of knowledge, as to give you the capacity to get it for yourselves; and in proportion to the extent and severity of the discipline through which an individual has passed, it is supposed that he will be able to select it wisely, to acquire it quickly, to retain it firmly, to use it rightly — and to do all this, — and to do it in relation to trade and business — to buying and selling, as well as other things, — better than those who have not had educational advan-

tages, or who left study when they left school. Sir Fowell Buxton stuck to business, and brought to bear upon it the cultivated force of a thoroughly developed and disciplined understanding; but he found time also to preserve and enlarge his acquaintance with books;—and neither interfered with or injured the other. He was thus fitting himself for a *possible* position in which he might be placed; but, had he never attained that, he was adding to his resources of self-enjoyment, and increasing his ability to serve and please. There are many of you, who, as far as the *principle* goes, may do likewise. You have had care and culture bestowed upon you, that would enable you, in your place, to follow the example. Let the idle and frivolous frequent theatres,\* and be found in casinos;—do *you* study to be diligent in business in the hours of labor,—those that are your own devote manfully to self-culture — to all that will give respectability to character, capacitate for future social usefulness, or enlarge your power in those particular branches of business, and those immediate forms of duty, which God in his providence has made yours. Think of Buxton, brewing

\* The author has particular reasons for saying that the view he takes of the great objection to the theatre may be seen in a lecture by him on the subject, delivered many years ago, but still to be had, he believes, at either "The Pulpit," or "Penny Pulpit," office.

away there, like a man who felt that he had his family to keep, and yet reading and thinking like one who would “intermeddle with all knowledge.” There he is,—doing this *at your age*. Two-and-twenty — three-and-twenty — four-and-twenty — and so on, up to thirty and two-and-thirty, when he entered parliament. Energy and education — two things in him meeting together, and making a third — voluntary and devoted self-equipment for the prospective duties of a possible responsibility. Why, there are many of you that may look forward, and that *are* looking forward, to as great a rise, in your circumstances, as going into parliament was in his; — you should never forget that it not only becomes you to prepare and fit yourselves for all that may be included in that advancement, but that to *be* prepared for it will be just the thing that will make it yours. In matters of trade, — in the rise of a man from the door to the desk, from the counter as a servant to the counting-house as a partner, — it is just the same as in war or politics, gaining a command or governing the House, — *the tools will come to the hand that can handle them*.

IV. As, in the youth Buxton, rude force was transformed and elevated into disciplined capacity; so, in the man, as we have now seen, that capacity was further fitted for ultimate action, by being furnished with the materials of a use-

ful and patriotic public career. That career, however, might have shaped itself in many ways;—his general preparation for it might have been available, whatever the objects to which he became devoted. But he became devoted to a particular class of things;—a certain course was emphatically *his*;—and the next point, therefore, with us, comes to be, *how was it* that his general energy, capacity, and preparation for parliamentary life, all happened to take *that course*?—how far was he independently prompted from within by original and spontaneous impulses;—how far affected and influenced from without by events or agents that, consciously or unconsciously, mapped for him his mission and shaped his path? Something of each of these things, more or less, determines the doings and the destiny of us all.

We have heard, you know, a great deal, for some years past, about “heroes” and “hero-worship.” The term “hero” has become a sort of stereotyped phrase for any distinguished or noticeable person;—one, that is to say, who is either such a “doer” as to draw attention by his acts, or such a “thinker” as to be the cause of thinkings and doings in others. Now, there are two theories about the birth and parentage of the “great man;”—how your “hero” comes to be produced;—the things that determine his advent, and that make him what he

is. A glance at this matter will by no means be out of place here. One writer, then, says, "that the history of the world is the history of its great men:" — another, "that great men are the representatives of their age." The difference between the statements comes to this, — that, in the one case, the great man makes the age, and, in the other, the age makes the great man. In one case, an individual mind impresses itself on its generation, moulds it, makes it what it is, or is, in itself, what future generations will come to be; — in the other case, the characteristic spirit of a period, the predominating, general mind pervading society at a particular crisis, is concentrated and rendered visible in an individual, — finds thus embodiment and utterance; and, *in him*, as an image of itself, holds up and shows itself to all coming time. I really think there is some truth in both these representations. Some men have more of the one element in them, — some of the other; no one can be made exclusively of either. He who is most strongly "a thing apart," — a man a-head of his age by his inward aspirations, or above it by his power and his achievements, must have derived something from it, and possess something in common with it, to be able to impress or influence it at all; and he who does anything worthy of remembrance, and is held as a hero by his generation or his class, (at least, if he is so held by

other classes and other times,) will always be found to have something about him in which he is superior to those very people, his sympathy with whom, and his representation of whose form and image as in a mirror, constitute his specific claim to distinction. The first class hero,—he whom you would designate in the city “A. 1,”—is, of course, the man who solitarily originates some great idea,—who enunciates it—perhaps to a listless generation;—but who goes on working away at his testimony or purpose, till the leaven spreads and the mass is leavened. *He*, however, may die long before this result has come to pass;—but, in the passage and the progress towards it, many are the opportunities for the appearance of heroes of the second and third degrees;—that is, of those who are born to an inheritance of thought and feeling already existing and in the course of progress,—but who, while thus indebted to others for an idea or an aim, receive it with deeper sympathy, and pursue it with intenser earnestness, than the mass of their contemporaries,—enlist, in consequence, more in the pursuit, revive believers or make converts, and so carry forward the cause and the community that the truth is at last universally admitted, or the thing proposed is consented to and done. When this result is fully arrived at, the heroic element, in respect to that thing, has

ceased. It has become the common property of the race, a familiar and ordinary matter; and, to think this, to approve that, or to know the other,—to think, to approve, or to know which, might, at one time, have been to endanger life, to forfeit or to found a reputation,—may be no more accounted of than those accomplishments which are common now, but which once were frequently wanting both in lord barons and lord bishops.

Now, it is no disparagement to Sir Fowell Buxton to say, that so far as we claim for him a degree of greatness, or the epithet “great,” we are quite content that, though unquestionably in his sphere *a leader*, he shall yet be regarded as one of the *following*, rather than of the *originating*, *class* of heroic men. He was not the father or founder of the cause he served;—but he served it as few others comparatively did, and had much to do in giving it depth, diffusion, popularity, success. I know not, indeed, that he would have been its parent, had it not been born into the world before him, nor how far his unaided meditations or spontaneous impulses would have created for themselves original forms of utterance or action;—it is enough to acknowledge that he was the man of his day, his class, and his connections. He imbibed a spirit, and sympathized in an enterprise, which was produced and projected

by other minds. He was surrounded by fountains of feeling and thought, in his providential position, which were all adapted to awaken and sustain those particular purposes which he formed and executed as a public man. But his inherent sympathies with suffering were strong ; — his instinctive hostility to fraud and injustice had the firmness of a principle and the force of a passion. His resolution and magnanimity ; — his very real, though unimpetuous, enthusiasm ; — his resolute will ; — his deep feeling, intense, calm, unruffled, not expended, like that of some, in hysterical agitations, or evaporated in eloquent speech, but flowing on, full, silent, strong in its quietness, like the dew that falls on the fields, or the sap that rises in the trees ; — these things all made him capable of serving *any* cause which he might take up, and predisposed him to select those that he adopted. Still, it was as the adopter and the carrier out of things, rather than as their originator, that Sir Fowell Buxton is to be described. He imbibed and represented the spirit of the class to which he belonged, — which came, indeed, and very materially through him, to be the spirit of the age ; — he took up and interpreted the mind of the times ; — that which at first existed in a minority, he and his associates made general ; — he began with others, but he got sometimes first ; he advanced upon them ;

he advanced upon himself; he was looked to as a leader as well as a colleague; and had to strive occasionally to draw others along, or to stand still till they overtook him. But this was not always the case: nor was he ever so far before them as to distance his compeers. He was sometimes, indeed, quickened and stimulated by voices at his side, and had to spring up and stretch onward, taking advantage of their zeal and forwardness. Once or twice he was even regarded as behind his age.

One truth is, then, that Sir Fowell Buxton threw his force into channels already opened by his times; and another truth is, that his doing that was the result of influences which had their source in his natural and acquired connections, — in his religious and sectarian associations, — but most of all which sprang up, pure, benign, omnipotent, within the sacred enclosure of his domestic life. I am obliged to return again to the grand lesson which the book before us holds up to every young man, — *the mighty and moulding influence which those intimacies which he forms with others may exert over him.* They not only affected Sir Fowell Buxton's personal happiness, character, and habits, but they determined his whole course, colored his entire being, made him what he was as a public man, sustained and strengthened his zeal and philanthropy, and presented to his

mind those who, *next to God*, at once inspired his efforts and rewarded them.

Sir Fowell Buxton was the son of a Quakeress, who early instilled into his mind hostility to the slave-trade, and pity for the slave. The Gurney family were by descent "Friends," though at the time of Sir Fowell's introduction to them they mixed pretty freely with the world. In spite of this, however,—from their parentage and education, their intercourse with ministers and members of the Society, and the essential congeniality between the minds and impulses of intelligent and ardent young women and the humane and benevolent spirit of Quakerism—it could not but have happened that the inmates of Earlham Hall must have had amongst them forms of opinion, sympathies and aspirations, that would be to Buxton's soul as water to the seed sown by his mother. Though Buxton, by his father's side, belonged to the Church of England, it is evident, from his Dublin letters, that his Quaker connections had already obtained such power over him as to infuse doubts into his mind about the propriety of bearing arms and the lawfulness of taking an oath. Before he settled in London, his religious feelings had acquired great strength, and, as we shall see, derived nourishment alike from the Friends' Meeting and the Established Church;—the consequence was, that he was led into

intercourse with good men of different denominations, and received some characteristic impulse from all. Evangelical churchism interested him in missions and in Bible societies, and fell in with the primary teaching of his parent; while, as half a Quaker by birth, and a little more by breeding, and still more by friendship and marriage, he was brought into connection with William Allen, and men of that stamp; got interested in schools and benevolent institutions; and was exposed to all that would foster sympathy with suffering humanity — with the cause of the poor, the prisoner, and the slave. His father, indeed, as I formerly mentioned, had, when sheriff of the county, paid particular attention to the condition of the gaols; a circumstance which I supposed would not be forgotten in the maternal attempts to breathe a benevolent soul into the son: but Mrs. Fry, that son's sister-in-law, became conspicuous for her philanthropy in that direction; and there can be no doubt that her example had its effect in strengthening and quickening his thoughts and purposes, and impelling his mind towards prison discipline and the criminal law. Then, there was Joseph John Gurney, one of the Earlham boys, who grew up into a devout and distinguished man; a person of excellent parts and finished education; an eminent Christian and philanthropist;

a minister among the Friends, and himself the friend of every pious and good work. From the specimens of his letters given in the "Life," it is very evident that Buxton had in him a guide, a counsellor, a colleague and a judge;— one who stood by, ready to aid by purse or pen;— looking on, watching the combat, sympathizing with his relative in his discouragements and his success; wafting to him words of admonition or praise;— and thus exerting an influence of which it was as honorable to be the subject as the source. The known tendencies of Sir Fowell Buxton induced Mr. Wilberforce, when he invited him into parliament, to anticipate from him appropriate aid; the friendship of such a man would give power and fixedness to his previous purposes; while these again, associated with his proved ability for parliamentary business, determined the choice of the retiring veteran, and led him to devolve on the rising advocate the management and leadership of the great cause. Lushington, Macaulay, Brougham, Mackintosh, and other names of the living and the dead, might be mentioned as those of public individuals, who, with Buxton, mutually acted on and influenced each other. But the most powerful, the most constraining, the holiest and best, of the external impulses that touched and moved Sir Fowell Buxton— that to which he

yielded with constant delight, and the source of whose potency lay in its pure and heavenly gentleness, in conjunction with the stirrings of his human love — was what came upon him in his own domestic circle, and from the more gifted of his family connections. Of several of his “sweet sisters” he speaks in terms of high respect; but for Priscilla Gurney — one of the gay Earlham group, who, like Mrs. Fry, gave up the world, devoted herself to God, and became a female minister among the Friends — his love and admiration are almost boundless. He speaks of her intellect as of the first order; of her eloquence as uncommon, almost unparalleled; of her character as the combination of illustrious virtues. She died in 1821. During her illness she repeatedly sent for Buxton, “urging him to make the cause and condition of the slaves *the first object of his life.*” Her last act, or nearly her last, was an attempt to reiterate the solemn charge; she almost expired in the ineffectual effort; — she could only indicate, in two or three feeble, broken words, what became the most sacred memory of the dead, and was cherished as her parting legacy by the living. It is distinctly stated, that it was one of the things to which he often referred, as preparing his mind for accepting the advocacy of the anti-slavery cause. He never, I believe, lost the impression, nor failed

to be influenced and sustained by it. If it had been possible for him to have grown lukewarm or careless in the work which he had doubtless promised her to pursue, the spirit of the departed Priscilla Gurney would have seemed to confront him, to reprove and stimulate his flagging zeal.

Other and dearer individuals might be mentioned, as agents in those animating home-influences to which, in the present case, the world has come to be so deeply indebted, and which is worthy of the distinct notice we are taking of it, from its supposed rareness in the domestic experience of great men. Men of what is denominated genius are represented as generally unhappy at home. It has been somewhere said, that not a philosopher in fifty, nor a single poet in a hundred, ever marries like a man of sense. Nature, in themselves, is supposed to be against them; and in others, often what is—*not* nature. Fortunately for Buxton, he was neither of the first two things just mentioned, — or not in any transcendent degree, — and he *was* the third. Altogether, he was eminently favored in his fortunes. He had much in his own personal circumstances, in his parentage and education, in his thriving business, his advancement in the world, in his successful and honored public career, to satisfy the ordinary longings of humanity in relation to

“the life that now is;” but still more was he happy and blessed in that one element, which outweighs and surpasses every other, and without which, to men like him, all the rest are as mere chaff,—he had entire, perfect complacency, an exultant and manly pride, in her who was to be ever and unalterably with him. Solaced by this, he was conscious of a buoyancy to which nothing was a burden. The living presence, and the direct power to stimulate and repay, of all that was as much the object of respect and confidence as affection,—encouraged and aided his exertions by intelligence, sanctified them by devotion, and shared and rewarded them by intellectual participation and sympathetic praise. It is true, he lived and worked —as we shall see presently—“under his great Taskmaster’s eye.” By the thought of *His* “weighing” and “pondering” his steps was he primarily moved, and by the solace of his Spirit tranquillized and upheld. Fearing God, he feared nothing else; realizing *his* judgment, he was raised superior to human opinion; and to be “approved of Him,” he was faithful to the great public trust which the Supreme Disposer had made his. Still, in considering, as at present, the immediate *external* and *secondary* influences which made or sustained Sir Fowell Buxton, it is but just to the nature that God has given us,—to

the benignant forces of our common humanity, to testify to the power of intelligent connections in moulding for the world its great men. To Buxton, *his family circle* was the world, so far as judge or audience was concerned. In their sight he acted; to them he spoke; their sympathy was enough — their suffrages sufficient. With them, and with the consciousness of right on his side, he could face anything; — sustain attacks, bear abuse, lose popularity, offend friends. Had *they* forsaken him, he would have suspected himself; it would have been impossible for him, in such circumstances, really to believe that he could *be* right. His soul was a reflection of the light and hues of the heaven that was over him; — and he lived under it so joyously! — and looked up to it so often! — and thought within himself that no spot on earth was canopied like that on which his hearth stood, — and that no eye could rest anywhere on what surpassed the scene which surrounded *him*, and which sparkled and shone with the looks and smiles of a circle radiant with intelligence and goodness! It is no disparagement to Sir Fowell Buxton that the Gurney family “colored his life;” or that his private affections so assisted to make him and keep him what he was. It is a fine thing, — a beautiful and holy sight, in this sad dislocated world, — that of a great-souled, heroic man, in a severe public

conflict, refreshed and helped by the descent upon him of the soft but invigorating dew of the domestic charities.

V. The tenor of these remarks naturally leads us to the last thing to be noticed about Sir Fowell Buxton, so far as the phenomena, or visible manifestations, of his character are concerned. We have spoken generally of its force, and we have shown you how that force was moulded and fashioned into a great, useful, working power. After what has been just said, you will be prepared for our next statement, — namely, that there was in Sir Fowell Buxton a remarkable combination of strength and tenderness — of the massive and beautiful. I can do nothing, I find, but merely hint at some of the illustrations of this, referring you to the volume for the fuller statement.

As to Sir Fowell Buxton's firmness of purpose and force of character, we have already frequently referred to them as facts; — proofs of that inherent power they indicate, you will find plentifully scattered through the book. Why, just look at the title-page; — you see the man in the motto that stands there, and the impression, too, of his family respecting him. "*The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is ENERGY—INVINCIBLE DETER-*

MINATION — *a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; — and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.*” There; write that upon your souls, young men! Let it be a text on which you may preach to yourselves; and take care to pay the preacher the best compliment that preachers can receive, — let your conduct, by embodying the text, do credit to the sermon. In going through the “Life” of Sir Fowell Buxton, you will see how strongly this energy was possessed by him, and what he did by it. Take a few examples: — When he was a mere boy it began to appear. Told to deliver a message to a pig-driver, away he went, by field or road, through mud and mire, guessing his way, as best he could, by the foot-marks of the herd, till he overtook the man and fulfilled his mission. Look how resolutely he gave up every idle and desultory habit, when he awoke to duty and determined to be a scholar. Urged to play at billiards for a little recreation, by his college companions, he would not touch cue or ball, however persuaded, *because he had purposed with himself that he would not.* When he became a partner in Hanbury’s concern, he saw that everything wanted reformation, and he resolved upon reform. One old stager was

rather refractory — he could not fall in with new notions and revolutionary disturbance. "Meet me," said Buxton, "in the office to-morrow morning at six o'clock." When they met, he simply said, "Be so good as hand me your set of books; I intend in future to take charge of them myself." Opposition was at end. The seat of power and the force of ruling will were recognized and acknowledged, and order and obedience became matters of course. Only once, some long time afterwards, did the same individual betray a little of his original restiveness; but it was quelled in a moment by Buxton's very quietly saying, "I think you had better meet me to-morrow morning at six o'clock!"

The whole course of his preparation for parliamentary life illustrated his vigor and perseverance. In the progress of his public measures, he was sometimes put to severe trials, in having to follow his personal judgment and to adhere to his own purposes, in spite of the opposition, or, what was far worse, the earnest entreaty, of his colleagues and friends. One of the finest moral pictures, — the resistance of the individual against united numbers, — the victory of personal conviction, self-trust, adherence to the sense of obligation and right, over every sort of influence that could be brought to bear on inferior affections, — may be seen in Sir

Fowell Buxton's behavior in the House of Commons on a night when, in spite of all that his friends could urge, he was determined to push his point to a division. His unalterable purpose looked like dead, downright obstinacy: — as the most rational firmness always does, when it seems a reproach, or is an inconvenience, to others. Some of Buxton's friends blamed the "obstinacy;" but *the minister* said, "*It had settled the question.*" It is a happy thing when events justify what is adhered to under a painful sense of personal responsibility: though even disappointment would not destroy the complacency of a rationally decided man.

The difference between Foster's wise *man*, and his stupid, gravitating "big *stone*," is, that one *arrives* at his result, thinks it out, and knows what he is after; the other merely takes a thing into his head. There is false firmness, remember, as well as true; or, rather, there is wrong-headedness as well as right. Be careful, therefore, so to cultivate your understandings, and to have such intelligent and intelligible grounds to go upon in your efforts after the virtue now recommended, that you may never be placed in the condition of the fool, who is said to be "wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason."

The *promptitude* with which Sir Fowell Buxton acted was sometimes as conspicuous as his

perseverance and constancy. Once, at the opening of parliament, when, contrary to expectation, no allusion was made in the king's speech to the subject of slavery, he went directly from the House of Lords to the Commons, and gave immediate notice of a motion. He was presently joined by some of his friends, who assured him it was all right,—everything would be done, though nothing was said,—only they besought that nothing should be attempted on their side. “What! not even to give notice of a motion?” “By no means—certainly not.” “*But it's done,*” replied Buxton; and so it was. And thus, by the promptitude of a determined and resolute will, an idea had become a *fact*,—a thing accomplished,—the mere suggestion of which, as an idea, surprised and startled the minds of others. A strong, massive, man-of-war-like soul, driving onwards in this way, like a floating fortress, right down upon its object, to the peril or alarm of smaller craft, had need to be well piloted to be safe; and had need, too, to have other excellences to be loved. That Buxton had these, I propose to show.

He was a strong, rock-like man; and to some, I can imagine, he might occasionally seem stern and forbidding. To those, however, who were habitually near him, he was embodied gentleness. The marble column stood in a garden, was surrounded with verdure, was

crowned with flowers; plants of the loveliest hue, with tendrils of delicate texture, wound themselves about it,—found in it affinity, and drew from it nourishment. Like the rock struck by the prophet, he could send forth, from his inner self, living water,—sparkling as the glance of a child, clear as purity of heart, sweet as goodness and love! From his physical stature — he was six feet four — he was called by his school-fellows “Elephant Buxton;” but it used to be remarked of him, that along with the animal’s gigantic bulk, he possessed and displayed its characteristic gentleness. You will notice, in perusing the volume, numberless proofs of the qualities I refer to; some of them, indeed, indicating or illustrating other virtues. We are concerned at present, however, exclusively with those I have now mentioned.

All I can do here is to intimate the facts that sustain the statements just made. Not to mention his filial respect and tenderness, look for a moment at his fraternal affection. He lost two brothers. His conduct to the one, and his admiration of the other, alike evince his goodness of heart. The first was a wild, wayward lad. He went to sea; was taken ill in India; returned a wreck; reached England just in time to get ashore — to enter an hospital — and to die. The eagerness with which Buxton hastened down to the poor youth; his deep

love, his intelligent religious teaching, his tenderness and tears, are instructive and affecting in the highest degree. Then, the effect of his conduct, and the influence of his character, on all that were about him, may be noticed with advantage. He was the stay and strengthener of his mother in her sorrow; his sister could spare time from her own grief to express her admiration of his manly deportment and many virtues. He was a young man, mind, of twenty-five. At an age when many are thoughtless and vain — light in their deportment, and selfish in their pleasures — he was the support of his whole family in their affliction, and moved among its members like a father in wisdom, a patriarch in authority, and a woman in his love.

The other brother died some years later, in happier circumstances, with maturer faith and brighter aspirations, — though the first died not without penitence nor without hope. Sir Fowell Buxton had the highest opinion of the talents, disposition and piety, of the elder brother. His references to him glow with love. His early fate was long mourned. His death seems to have been felt like a dark cloud veiling for a while the sun, and casting a cold shadow on the earth; but the remembered character of the dead, and the Christian faith of the living, inspired the assurance that the side of the cloud next the sky was bright as burnished silver.

Happy are the brothers that so live, that when one is snatched by death from the other, the expressions uttered in the service at the grave can be intelligently felt to be "spirit and life," instead of being dreaded as a falsehood or a form !\*

Then, there is the deep and exquisite feeling with which Sir Fowell Buxton regarded Priscilla Gurney, and other members of that circle. Observe, too, his interest in young people; his sympathy with them in their pleasures; his participation of their amusements; his anxiety to see them happy; his readiness to ride or shoot with them in a morning, and to suggest to them words for their charades at night. *But his delight in children!* This is always the indication of a genial nature—a pure, unworn, and unselfish heart. "Never," says Lavater, "make that man your friend, who hates bread, music, or the laugh of a child." Certainly to *hate* any of these would be very bad.

I think I could even explain the philosophy of the first. There may be something of insensibility to the second, without amounting to positive dislike, that may not materially affect the character—as in the case of our friend

\* Sir Fowell Buxton twice refers to the comfort he felt in hearing the words of the burial service, as he understood them to express the persuasion of survivors with respect to the actual bliss of the departed.

before us; but, if the gleeful, leaping laugh of childhood is distasteful to a man,—especially if he hates it, or hates to hear it,—believe Lavater, and have nothing to do with him. Depend upon it, he is either thoroughly without a soul, or he has so soiled and blackened it by sin, that the sound issuing from young and innocent lips pierces to his heart like the constrained remembrance of a forfeited inheritance. You may be sure he has got about him no common guilt. To him, in a worse sense than the poet meant it, the beautiful but melancholy verse applies:—

“ I remember — I remember  
    The poplars straight and high ;  
I used to think their spiry tops  
    *Were close against the sky.* ”

“ It was a childish ignorance,  
    But now 't is little joy  
To know I 'm further off from heaven  
    *Than when I was a boy.”* ”

Sir Fowell Buxton delighted in children, and they, with their instinctive perception of those that like them, delighted in *him*. He used to walk with them, and talk to them, and try to turn their attention to God in his works. He was fond of pointing out the skill that was displayed in the packing of a bud, and of drawing other interesting lessons from flowers. On this account, his little nephews and nieces,

(bless their young hearts !) when they saw the snowdrops and violets in the early spring, used to welcome them as "*Uncle Buxton's Sermons.*"

I hardly dare approach, and yet I must touch — I will try to do so with a very gentle hand — other forms of our friend's affections. That of the deepest and tenderest is delicately veiled, and properly so, for,

“Not easily forgiven  
Are those, who, setting wide the doors that bar  
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,  
Let in the day.”

Yet enough is seen, and to that we may allude without impropriety, to show Sir Fowell Buxton's buoyant delight — his irrepressible joy — at the thought of that which constituted his richest and most endeared possession ; the source of influences the most powerful in personal character and public achievement. How profound his respect ! — how vast his appreciation ! — how tender and playful some of his utterances ! — what a depth of meaning in some apparently jocund words ! But we pass on. His paternal character would seem to have been beautiful. Only think of the leader of a section of the House of Commons, — the man bending under the weight of public business, absorbed by interests the most momentous, and fighting with difficulties that demanded, and

had, nights and days of anxiety and labor,—think of him coming along the Strand from some parliamentary committee, stepping into a shop to purchase a picture, hiding it when he got home among the torn-up letters and envelopes in his basket, that when his little children should rummage amongst them, or turn them out, he might hear their exultation at discovering the treasure, and join in a joy that would ring like the news of a nursery California! He was lying, one day, very fatigued and tired, on a sofa; one of his sons was lying on another: their eyes were alike just open, though each supposed the other to be asleep. Presently, the great, giant-like man—the man that swayed the senate, was looked up to by thousands as a leader, and who seemed born for authority and command—slowly and quietly rose up from his position—trod softly and stealthily across the room—placed a chair—lifted the feet of the young sleeper, as they seemed to be hanging uneasily from the sofa—laid them gently on the chair, and then crept back again as carefully as he had gone, and lay down to his own repose! All had been seen, though he thought not so. It would never have been mentioned—it might not have been remembered by him—had it only been a thing known to the father. It was the irresistible impulse, the gushing out of irrepressible affection. I dare say he turned

away from the lad with a glow at his heart and a prayer upon his tongue ; a prayer whose answer he had already, though unconsciously, secured ; for the impression of that act on the heart of the son must have given such sacredness to the wishes of the father, as could not fail, I should think, to have done more for the youth's virtue than any mere preceptive teaching could have secured.

The same traits appear in his letters about his children, and in his correspondence with them. He is always anxious, indeed, about their possessing a strong, decided character ; but he betrays constantly not only the strength but the tenderness of his own. Little things indicate character more than great ones. How much there is in his promising the boys half-a-crown for the repetition of some poetry, and then, if visitors — grown-up people — happened to be present, asking them to rehearse something, and *handing to each of them a half-crown too !* Or in his playful letters to his little children ; — his asking after the dogs and ducks, — and his description of a pony that liked porter, with the sly addition, “*he prefers ours !*” Why, there’s poetry in all this. Buxton, indeed, did not write poetry ; but, what was far better, he acted it, lived it, by his practical combination of the beautiful with the true. I wish I could tell you all about the friendship which seems to

have subsisted between him and his eldest daughter. She was rather older than his other children, in consequence of the deaths of those that came between them, and hence she sprang up into his companion and friend. She acted as his secretary; read with him, wrote for him; entered into his objects with hereditary enthusiasm; discussed with him the merits of men and measures: went with him, at times, to the House; and looked down upon him from the ventilator like a guardian angel. On the first of August, 1834,—the day of Negro Emancipation,—Priscilla Buxton, herself emancipated from a filial service which she had ever felt to be “perfect freedom,”—was married at Northrepps to one of her father’s parliamentary and personal friends. The feelings of that father, you may naturally suppose, were raised that day to the highest pitch, and deepened into profoundest intensity, by the mixture of emotions of which he was the subject. He could not but think of those swarthy thousands, far off in other lands, whom he had come almost to regard as his children, who, that day, were to awake and find themselves *free men*;—and then, there was the endeared daughter at his side, who had stood there for so many years, whom, with his own hand, he was to give up, to be bound for life,—but bound by fetters welcomed by them both! At four o’clock he

writes to a friend — “ The bride is just gone; — everything has passed off to admiration, *AND — there is not a slave in the British colonies!* ” What a glorious mingling of two classes of emotion, each sufficient of itself to fill the soul ! How different from the noble lady, at the time of the Reform agitation, whose daughter was dying, and who exclaimed to a friend — “ Really, my dear, what with the danger of my poor child and my fears about the Bill, I am positively quite distracted ! ” Some time after the 1st of August, Buxton wrote to another friend — “ I surrendered my vocation, and, *next to Macaulay, my best human helper in it*, on the same day.” How his soul must have shown itself — what drops must have accompanied the parting paternal benediction — on that memorable day !

“ Some feelings are to mortals given  
With less of earth in them than heaven.  
And if there be a human tear  
From passion’s dross refined and clear, —  
A tear so limpid and so meek  
It would not stain an angel’s cheek, —  
'T is that which pious fathers shed  
Upon a duteous daughter’s head.”

But the two circumstances which, to my mind, most forcibly show the deep feeling which was united with strength in Sir Fowell Buxton, are the following : — He found exquisite enjoyment in the quiet of the country ; it was delicious to

him after the agitations of a session. With his well-used pocket Bible in his hand, he used to walk out, like Isaac, meditating in the fields at eventide; — and he did this, that he might enjoy, as he said, quietly and alone, what he called the “DIVINE SILENCE” of the scene! Carlyle says that the Germans have a proverb to this effect — “Speech is silvern — silence is golden.” Buxton was capable of understanding this. That “Divine silence” descended softly on his soul, like the dew on the flowers; and I believe, for my part, that dew, falling upon flowers, never fell on anything more soft than what that silence fell upon in him. The other incident was, that when a number of letters were brought in to him, one morning in the month of September, 1834, which he knew by the colonial post-marks would contain tidings respecting the events of the first of August, he took them up, sealed as they were, and walked out into the woods alone, — his large heart beating with mingled apprehension and hope. There, with no eye to witness his emotion, he opened his letters with silent awe, and his lips to God in vocal praise. His feelings were far too intense and sacred to be permitted in their expressions to have auditors or observers.

Such was Sir Fowell Buxton, as his character and course unfold themselves to me in the details and intimations of the volume before us.

In expressing my opinions, I am not conscious of having said anything but what is borne out by positive *facts*. All that I have uttered has been a running commentary—not on eulogies written *about* him—but on things that he *did*,—which are substantially himself—the embodiment to us of what he was. I knew him only as a public man. I had no personal acquaintance with him whatever. I once wrote to him to present a petition to parliament; and I once spoke at a small meeting in the lower room in this hall, when he was in the chair; and I remember amusing him by quoting from “Froude’s Remains,” which had just been published, a passage, which I handed him the volume to look at.\* To me, this book is Buxton. It may be in your hands as well as mine; you can judge of the man as well as I; take and test whatever I have said, or have yet to say;—I am quite easy as to the result. There he stands,—a fine specimen of true manhood. With no pretensions to genius; no brilliant parts; no creative imagination; no gusts or flashes of inspired eloquence; nothing to trust to, that, without study, effort, or preparation, might surprise himself and take others by storm. He is simply a person of strong natural good

\* “I cannot get over my prejudice against the niggers; every one I meet seems to me like an incarnation of the whole Anti-Slavery Society, and FOWELL BUXTON at their head.”

sense; of sound and vigorous understanding; of firm purpose; laborious diligence; high culture;—of great aims in life; of singular excellence of character; with clear head, large heart, pure habits, simple tastes;—combining, as we have seen, tenderness with power; winning love, as well as commanding respect. He was humane, munificent, kind to his humble neighbors, considerate, approachable. *So far* he might be “known and read of all men;”—an honest, upright, virtuous *man*;—true to his trust, true to himself; honoring and using his right-hand; having faith in work, hard work; believing in that as the grand source and secret of success; but, while wielding it well and right nobly, and as if he had time for nothing else, cultivating all that was beautiful and attractive, or displaying it as if by an inherent law. These things, I repeat, might have been seen by the ordinary observers of his worldly life. But we are now to see “greater things than these.” We are to be permitted to look at the “inward man;”—to examine the Divine and supernatural source of what he was;—that which underlay all that was visible,—that was deeper than instinct, and higher than nature,—that gave strength to strength, and beauty to beauty;—and that infused into his motives, affections, and acts, that element which makes virtue holiness, and man God-like.

## III.

Having traced the *natural history*, so to speak, of Sir Fowell Buxton *as a man*; — described the original capabilities of the substance of which he was made, and seen the progress of the cutting, moulding, and polishing, — so far as external influences and human agencies were concerned, and the action of those portions of his nature which lay nearest to the surface of the outward life, — till he appeared before us a somewhat finished and well-proportioned specimen of humanity, — useful in his public course, and attractive in his private character; — we are now to advance to the examination of the depth and working of that *spiritual element*, which, as we have hinted, makes the grand difference between a merely *virtuous* and a truly *religious* man; — between goodness *as the offspring of natural disposition* or social culture, and goodness *as including a holy principle*, and being essentially a Divine result. I might have included this in the last division of the lecture, as *one* of the things that made Sir Fowell Buxton what he was; but I look upon it as of such great importance in itself, and I regard *him* as so preëminently illustrating its influence, — so conspicuously showing how it may be the “chief corner-stone” in the basis of character, and may give the last touch and finish to its

adornments; and how possible it is, for those who *will*, to be “diligent in business,” and yet, “filled with the Spirit,”—“men of the world,” and yet “temples of God;”—that I choose to separate it entirely from other things, and to devote this division of the lecture to it.

It is a great distinction with me—*the distinction between VIRTUE and HOLINESS*;—one which I think you, young men, will do well to understand. I can give men full credit for a great deal that is noble and beautiful, and yet consistently charge them with a great crime, and speak of them as placed in a most perilous position. It is not at all necessary, in order to show the importance of the Gospel, or the unfitness of men for the future enjoyment of heavenly bliss, to make out that they are literally “desperately wicked,”—vicious, depraved, abominable,—and “to every good work reprobate.” By no means. I admit the excellence, and I admire the virtues, of many a natural or unconverted man. Such an individual may be pure, truthful, upright, benevolent, beneficent—a model, indeed, for many of far higher pretensions. But the point is, that a man may be all this without thinking of God—without even believing in him;—his excellence, however great, may be altogether “of the earth, earthy;” it may spring from sources which lie within the limits of mere social morality, and

it may be confined therefore to the rewards which flow from it in the world to which it belongs. There is nothing severe or uncharitable in saying, that something far more than this is needed to the perfection of a being who possesses essentially a religious nature ; — who sustains relations to a personal God ; — who is born under an obligation to all divine virtues as well as secular, — and who, as a spirit, has to come one day into direct contact with the Infinite Spirit, and to a condition of existence exclusively spiritual.

Without the possession of religious faith — without the exercise of love to and delight in God — character is imperfect ; without an inward harmony of thought and will, affection and preference, between man's soul and the Divine source of it, there can be no cordial correspondence between them, and no fitness for their dwelling together. The virtuous man is not excluded from heaven because of his virtues ; he is incapable of heaven by an inherent defect. In spite of all that is in him and about him, of the just and good, the pure and the beautiful, it is possible for him to be destitute of devotion, — *disloyal* as regards the supreme government and the Divine law — and utterly “without God in the world.” With the glow and blush of his many virtues upon him, and while justly the object of social respect, or the

idol of popular admiration,— he may be guilty of the most serious crime, by trampling upon all spiritual obligations;— and he may be placed— by no capricious or arbitrary act, but just by the operation of the essential laws of his spiritual being—in a position pregnant with alarm and peril. Two men may stand before us very much alike in all that appears to the eye of the observer;— they may do precisely the same things, as to their outward form, and have the same aspect of social goodness;— and yet the one shall act from the impulses of *a life* which has no existence in the other at all. The one shall do everything “*unto God*”— the other man may never think of Him as obligation or end. The one shall maintain intercourse with Christ, as the object of love and the source of assistance— the other may be either ignorant or infidel,— careless concerning, or rejecting, his redemption. Both may appear equally useful and attractive to the world, in the aspect presented to it of their world-life; and, so far as the *world* is concerned, both *are* beautiful, and both good;— but, in consequence of the essential difference between them,— the presence in the one, and the absence in the other, of a religious, spiritual, divine life,— the excellence of the first comes to be *holiness*— that of the second remains *virtue*. The one, as a spirit, out of the body, would find himself in harmony

with the persons and the duties, the avocations and pleasures, of a perfectly holy and divine world ; — the other, in the midst of it, would be surrounded by all that was uncongenial and foreign, distasteful and repulsive. He could no more live in it than a man in water, though that water were “clear as crystal ;” or “the fish of the sea” on “the dry land,” though that land were Paradise itself — bright with the verdure of the virgin earth, smiled upon by the sky of an infant world.

Virtue is very important for earth, and very beautiful, even by itself ; — but it is neither the attainment of *the divine* in man, nor the complete preparation for his ultimate destiny. It is not the realization of God’s original idea of him, nor of what he was intended to be as *redeemed*. Then again, the means and agencies by which humanity, considered as sinful and needing to be saved, — as requiring to be renewed, regenerated and sanctified, — is to be delivered from guilt and “born to God ;” — these, properly understood, constitute the peculiarities of the evangelical dispensation, and give to the Gospel its appropriate attributes. In proportion as they are justly apprehended and felt, — “believed in by the heart,” “confessed by the mouth,” experienced in their power, and lived upon and relished as the “daily manna” of the inward life, — man comes to be *Christian*

man; the spirit within him is in its right state, — is united to God by the faith of Christ, — brought into a condition of harmony with the one, through the redeeming work of the other. He now lives in the flesh, or in this mortal and materialized state, in such a sense, that “Christ lives *in him*;” — he has that “shed abroad,” or “formed,” in “his heart,” which prompts him to discharge the duties of earth from motives drawn from the upper world; — ever to act “as seeing Him that is invisible;” — and, while “denying ungodliness and worldly lusts,” and living “soberly and righteously” among men, “following after” and “thinking” much of all that is “lovely and of good report,” because in these things there is “virtue,” and from them “praise;” — yet, all the time, he is primarily moved by the great thoughts which belong to the future, the infinite and eternal, — which cluster about the anticipated advent, and teach him to prepare for the day of the Lord — *waiting for “the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.”*

Now, I wish you to understand that Sir Fowell Buxton was, in the sense of these statements, — so far as *the principle* pervading them is concerned, — a religious man. He was an earnest, evangelical Christian; and one of the great uses of the book before us, as it seems to me, is, to show the possibility of a man’s com-

bining a very laborious outward life — a life of business, trade, politics — with one of deep and eminent spirituality. Men busily occupied in the affairs of the world, behind the counter or the desk, "in chambers" or at "the house," often imagine, or perhaps complain, that they have no time to attend to spiritual subjects, or for the discharge of religious acts. If reminded of David as a soldier writing his psalms, or Daniel at court directing a kingdom, and yet keeping daily his hours of prayer, they can discover reasons, in their peculiar aids as inspired men, to render their example inapplicable to *them*. Here, however, is a man of our day, — and one ever active, and all alive, in his worldly duties: — not *said* to have been attentive to devout communings with his own spirit, and to earnest and holy walking with God, — but *proved* to have been so, by papers bearing the stamp of sincerity, and indicating at once the reality of his religion, and the constancy of his efforts to preserve it by culture, and to evince it by consistency.

In sketching the outline of Sir Fowell Buxton's religious life, and in trying to give you a clear and distinct idea respecting it, I think it will be well to put it before you in separate parts. Each will be best seen by itself — the combination of all will complete the picture. Let us notice, then — FIRST, the rise and progress

of religion within him, till it acquired fixedness and supremacy: SECOND, the means by which it was preserved and nourished, strengthened and increased: THIRD, the modes of its manifestation; — how it found its direct utterance, or incidentally displayed its presence, power, purity, or depth: FOURTH, and *lastly*, let us inquire whether there was anything about him, and what, out of harmony, or supposed to be out of harmony, with his professions when living; or, still more, with the tone and tenor of these private papers published since his decease. I shall not make any extended application to you, after doing all this. I want you to *see* the lessons in the picture itself as it proceeds, — and to watch for them as they come; — for, if I can paint it faithfully, come they will, — with every new color, every stroke of the pencil, every change of position, and every ray of light.

I. In looking at Sir Fowell Buxton's religious history, I think you should by no means leave out of view the *possibility* of very early impressions and impulses that may not have been without their secret effect. I do not know how far the Friends, in consistency with their peculiar principles of speaking and praying only when moved by the Divine Spirit, discourage or draw the minds of children in respect to positive religious acts; nor how far Buxton's mother might conduct the religious training of

her son on the Quaker model. I have no doubt that methods were employed both to imbue his mind with the seeds of holy thought, as they are contained in the "Scriptures of Truth," and to draw forth the religious faculty itself, through means of varied and appropriate influences. As I believe, also, that the redemption of Christ was the redemption of humanity;—that in consequence of it we are born under mercy, and "beloved of God;"—that we are placed by grace in instant contact with spiritual influences to which we ought to attribute whatever constitutes a conscious good, that struggles with the lusts of our worser nature;—so, I doubt not that, in the early childhood and youth of our friend, God touched him often in paternal tenderness,—sought to draw and attach him to *Himself*,—that his infant spirit might love holiness, and his young heart hate sin. Who shall say that this is always without effect? It is thus that He, whose will it is "that not any of his little ones should perish," aids the opening of the conscience and the reason,—concurs with the training and teaching of parents,—and through means of truth presented from without, and by intuitional perceptions of the right within, is *Himself* "the Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." You should be stimulated and encouraged by every spiritual desire you feel; every movement

of the will against evil; everything like a hunger of the heart after good. These things cannot be from nothing, for that is impotent;—they cannot be from yourselves, “ye being evil,” for that would be absurd;—they cannot be from beneath, for that is impossible;—they can come from nowhere but from God above; and they ought to be precious to you as proofs of his gracious presence in your souls, and tokens of his paternal interference in your favor. Somehow or other, many young persons have got a fearful and paralyzing impression upon them that God is, *from the first*, their natural enemy; they have no animating conceptions of his Fatherhood—no confidence that his wishes are actually on their side. Everything within you, that has anything about it inclining you to the right, falsifies the persuasion. *That* is God, “speaking to you as to children;”—his grace seeking to draw you to Himself. Very early that voice may be heard, and the ear and the soul inclined towards it; though the period may be long before the life of the spirit, freed from the clouds and fogs of the flesh, rises in strength and clearness in the character, and manifests its reality by indubitable proofs. I have no doubt, that many an instance of apparent sudden and visible conversion is the maturity only of a process which has long been advancing within. As a youth, Buxton was

distinguished for truthfulness. When an usher, at Greenwich, charged him with some fault, which he denied, Dr. Burney instantly said, "I have never known the boy tell a falsehood, and I will not disbelieve him now." Several little things indicate a superiority to what was debasing. I do not think he was ever corrupted by any of those low and vicious habits that are sometimes contracted early in life. Nor do I doubt that this was in part owing, not only to a sense of honor and propriety, but to feelings having something in them of religiousness,—conferred, perhaps, in answer to a mother's prayers,—guarded and nourished by occasional earnest supplications of his own. Happy is the youth who has not to look back on a time like this with the painful consciousness, that the early dew of the heart has been exhaled by the heats of passion, or brushed off by contact with the world,—that "*he has cast off fear, and restrained prayer before God!*"

In 1806, however, when Buxton was twenty years of age, Providence began more conspicuously to quicken and develop his spiritual nature. He was travelling in Scotland with his Earlham friends; and, in the course of the journey, he purchased a Bible, with the express determination to read a portion of it *every day*. He commenced and continued the exercise. It became one of the fixed habits of his life. Its

immediate effect upon him is thus stated:—  
“Formerly I read generally rather as a duty than a pleasure, but now I read the Scriptures with great interest, and, I must say, happiness.” Again, “I am sure that some of the happiest hours that I spend are while I am reading our Bible, which is as great a favorite as a book can be. I never before felt so assured that the only means of being happy is from seeking the assistance of a superior Being, or so inclined to endeavor to submit myself to the direction of principle.” Now, it is to be admitted that the phraseology of these extracts is vague and general, and indicates no distinct perception of evangelical doctrine, or any spiritual appreciation of the Gospel, properly so called. But he has got into the right track. He is a daily and serious reader of the Word; he is sitting at the feet of the Divine Teacher; he is “following on to know the Lord.” A young man who is thus occupied may reasonably be expected to become constantly wiser and better;—to have light increased and truth revealed, till his mind, opened and expanded by their influence, shall apprehend and approve “the things that are excellent;” and, “being taught of God,” shall arrive at the full “acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ.”

The next event in the order of means, and of gracious providential arrangement, was in

1811, when he was recommended by two clerical friends to attend the ministry of the Rev. Josiah Pratt. Mr. Pratt was a pious evangelical clergyman of the school of the Newtons, Simsons, and Cecils, of former days. Under his teaching, Sir Fowell Buxton's mind speedily opened to the intelligent reception of the truth. He obtained far more clear, deep, and enlarged conceptions of it than he had previously received. The insufficiency of our own righteousness; the importance of faith in the atoning sacrifice, and of the influences of the sanctifying Spirit; the need of being "*saved*;" and the *way* to be saved — as held and taught by the best expounders of the apostolic testimony, with every other relative truth — were exhibited and enforced, I imagine, with such power, richness, and fervor, as, by God's blessing, materially to affect the mind and heart of our Christian inquirer, — to give fulness to his knowledge and impulse to his piety. Mark the advantage of "*hearing the word*," as well as of reading it; — the importance to be attached to a spiritual instructor and an evangelical ministry; — the advantage, it may be added, of young men having such associates as may lead or direct them to suitable teachers; — and the blessed results that may follow from a word of advice and counsel. The gratitude of the pupil, in the case before us, led him almost to overrate his

obligations to the instructor. Sir Fowell Buxton went so far as to say, in a letter to Mr. Pratt, that, "whatever he had done in his life for Africa, the seeds of it were sown in his heart at Wheeler Chapel." This statement, if it means "Africans," and includes the slaves in the West Indies, I regard as one of those instances of exaggeration to which the mind is prone in speaking of those who have first strongly affected it. The *seeds* of his doings had been sown before, by other circumstances and other hands; though they were watered, doubtless, by Mr. Pratt, and sprang up under his ministry. If the statement was limited to *Africa*, and referred to his interest in *missions*, and his anxieties respecting the spiritual benefit, as well as the temporal freedom and elevation, of its inhabitants, it may be more correct. But, in either case, it teaches a lesson worthy of remembrance.

The last and perfecting event,—that which gave fixedness and maturity to Sir Fowell Buxton's religion,—which brought it out as life in the experience, as well as light and knowledge in the intellect,—was an alarming illness with which he was visited in 1813. I do not mean that he had not, subjectively, experienced something of religion before, or that the spiritual life now only *began*. The process had been gradually advancing for years. The

light had early and long been "as the morning spread upon the mountains," and had struggled and increased against mist and darkness. Life had been stirring and augmenting within him, like the growth and ripening of the infant in the womb; it was now to be developed in a higher form, and to become a thing both of distincter consciousness and of richer manifestation. The account given of this event is deeply interesting, and the frequent references to it by the father justify fully the statement of the son — that the period of its occurrence was that "from which may be dated that *ascendency* of religion over his mind, which gave shape and coloring to the whole of his after life." The points I would direct you to observe are, the sight which he obtained of the utter insufficiency of his own virtue; — his glad reception of the Christian atonement; — with the happy persuasion and high assurance of his interest in it. The effect, too, of the whole process, in deepening his sense of personal sinfulness, and filling him with shame as well as joy, is very significant. It is thus, often, that men are never half aware of the magnitude of their guilt till it is removed; they only learn the extent of their criminality by the extent of their obligations to the grace that saves them. It is well that it is so. "Who knoweth the power of thine anger?" Alas! if known, "the spirit would fail before it," and

the souls which God has made. “*After that I was turned, I repented; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh.*”

When Sir Fowell Buxton first felt himself unwell, he actually “prayed that he might have a dangerous illness, provided that illness might bring him nearer to God.” Such a prayer partakes, perhaps, of infirmity, though God may overlook that in his condescension to our weakness. We ought “to draw nigh to God” without being forced to it, and without waiting to be driven. The *mercies* of God should lead us to repentance. The prayer, however, was heard in both its parts—its petition and its proviso. He *had* the illness, imminently dangerous,—and he *was* drawn nigher to God;—drawn, indeed, so nigh, so lovingly, that he never wished to leave his side, and never wandered more! When the disorder assumed an alarming appearance, he spent nearly an hour in most fervent prayer. He had been perplexed with doubts—his prayer was, to have them removed. The next day he found them not only entirely removed, but replaced by a certain degree of conviction totally different from anything he had before experienced. “It would be difficult to express,” he says, “the satisfaction and joy which I derived from this alteration. ‘Now know I that my Redeemer liveth,’ was the sentiment uppermost in my mind, and

in the merits of that Redeemer I felt a confidence that made me look on the prospect of death with perfect indifference. No one action of my life presented itself with any sort of consolation. I knew that by myself I stood justly condemned; but I felt released from the penalties of sin by the blood of our sacrifice. In *Him* was all my trust."

Such was the culmination of Sir Fowell Buxton's religious life. It was now, as an inward principle, established and fixed;—as a progressive awakening, it had come to "open vision;"—as the struggling progress of the soul towards God, it had advanced "even to his seat;"—as an experience, subjectively, of all that he had been for years learning to understand, it was "Christ formed in his heart the hope of glory"—oneness, incorporation, vital and conscious union with the Lord. From this time, "the life that he lived in the flesh, he lived by the faith of the Son of God, who loved him and gave himself for him:" and "*Christ* lived in *him*." Depend upon it, young men, there is rationality and philosophy in all this. Thus was illustrated and embodied, in an individual, all that we advanced in the introductory remarks to this section. "He became a partaker of a Divine nature." He had *that* within him, which so affected all he did from henceforth—affected it, consciously and by purpose—that

the same act was a different thing in him from what it could be in one who had it not. His virtue became holiness. The man, Godly. May every one of you be so “transformed by the renewing of your minds,” that you, too, may know, by experience, what it is God’s blessed, holy, and perfect will that you should be and do:— that which you will find to be your “reasonable” or rational “service!”

2. With respect to the modes by which, in Sir Fowell Buxton, the religious life was nourished and sustained, you will do well to notice the following things:—

He was a constant and devout reader of the Scriptures. His Bible appears ever to have been to him as the countenance of a loving and beloved friend. He speaks of its perusal as a thing delightful and interesting in the highest degree, considered simply as an exercise of the mind;— somewhat resultless, indeed, if unattended with prayer, but, with that, becoming to him invariably the source of light and influence which purified his reason and stimulated his activity. His Bible, in the marks of his pen or pencil, bore manifest proofs of his diligent use of it. There are two ways in which you, young men, may read the Scriptures. You may read them *devotionally*;— that is, with a view simply to the serious impression of the truth on the soul, and the preservation

of a harmony between the book and it. This is to be done by a daily portion. This does not need to be long — nor does the engagement require long time, nor so much the exercise of the intellect on the *trains* of Divine thought, as the attention of the heart to the *results* of its argument, or the opening of it to the reception of the details and utterances, — often brief and broken, but always suggestive — of the inward experience of its holy men. Then there is the more *intellectual* reading of the Scriptures. You may often spend hours at a time in the reading of the Bible, in the same way as you would read another book. Go through, at one sitting, one or two of the Old Testament historical tracts, or a gospel, or an epistle; read with a map before you, and trace or find out, as you proceed, the course of a journey; or where a battle was fought, or a miracle done; or a king crowned, or an individual born or buried, or favored with a Divine vision; and so forth. Compare the accounts of two or more Gospels; compare the Acts and the Epistles, and make out the particulars of the missionary travels and voyages of St. Paul — the times when his letters were written — the places where they were penned — the sort of people to whom they were severally addressed — as to their previous state, habits, religion, refinement. Use, or refer to, a Paragraph Bible. Get one or two works

that will throw some light on the customs and antiquities of the Jews, the Hebrew poetry, and kindred subjects. Take an epistle,—analyze it, divide it for yourselves into distinct parts, according to what appears to you the division of its subjects, or the order, advance, and breaks in the argument; mark what it establishes in the way of doctrinal truth, illustrates as experience, or inculcates as consistent practical duty. Make out a list of the miracles or the parables of Jesus: collect, from his letters, the prayers of Paul; find out the prophecies referred to in the New Testament, or the quotations contained in it from the Old. These—and various other ways of employing a whole evening, now and then, in the *study* of the Bible— you will find to be exercises as interesting as they are useful; as easy, too, in a little time, as they are instructive; and as beneficial to faith, feeling, and piety, as they are invigorating to the understanding. In both these ways, there are indications, in the “Life,” that Sir Fowell Buxton read the Bible. His reading was habitual, earnest, prayerful. He found time for it as a duty—delighted in it as a joy—and lived by it as food, refreshment, and rest.

Another thing was, not only his attendance on the means of grace, in the form of public worship and ministerial teaching, but his man-

ner of attendance. At one time he was much in the habit of attending at the Friends' Meeting House ; and, I suspect, had a liking, to the last, to many of the habits and preferences of that people. His remarkable power of concentrating his attention, and precipitating, so to speak, his whole mind, and keeping it fixed, upon any subject, enabled him to derive benefit from, and to feel edified by, repeated occasions of "silent waiting." But, it is to be remembered, that he used to read, carefully and devoutly beforehand, some portion of Scripture : having got that into his head, it was ready to be laid upon the heart, and to be personally applied by inward reflection, if no instruction came to him from without ; and oft, I doubt not, those hours which he spent in "stillness" and "quietness" in the Quakers' Meeting House were to him like the "Divine silence" of the country. He conversed with God and with himself. "*While he mused the fire burned ;*" and if he did not, like the psalmist, immediately "speak with his tongue," he was made more fit both for speaking and acting as a good man, when he should return to the duties of daily life. In the same spirit of serious forethought, intelligent and devout preparation, I conceive of him as attending Mr. Pratt's ministry, and habitually the worship and communion of the church. There is a great deal

in being in harmony with what you have to do, or what you go anywhere to listen to or enjoy. You learn more from a discourse on any subject with which you have already some acquaintance ; — and you experience satisfaction and delight, and receive and retain impressions of pleasure, in proportion as you have an inward sympathy with anything you read, see, or hear. This law of your nature is applicable to religion and religious engagements. You can do much to promote in yourselves, and to seek from God, that “ preparation of heart ” for your public sabbath-worship, which being possessed, you will find that neither the day nor the duty can be felt as “ a weariness.” It makes every prayer instructive as a sermon ; and a true sermon, though ineloquent, subduing as devotion and sweet as song. Many a poor discourse is rich to them whose hearts are right ; and many a good one appears bad from causes existing only in the hearer. Blessed are they who so seek spiritual preparation for “ going into the house of God ; ” and who, having “ premeditated,” so “ draw nigh with reverence and godly fear,” that, instead of “ offering the sacrifice of fools,” they “ present their very bodies as living sacrifices, holy, and acceptable,” — and find both that “ in God’s light they see light,” and that, in thus “ waiting upon him,” while *other* “ youths may weary,” and

other “young men utterly fall,” they “rise upon wings as eagles,—can run and not be weary, and walk and not faint!”

Another means of spiritual improvement employed by Sir Fowell Buxton was the frequent use of the *pen* in connection with his private religious exercises. He often thus conversed with himself. He wrote down reviews of the past and anticipations of the future. He tried to ascertain the condition of his soul. Speaking in figures, we may say of him — some of the figures are borrowed from himself — that thus, as a spiritual merchant, he “took stock;” looked into his accounts, went over the doings of the year, noticed the items, and balanced the amount of profit and loss. As a pilot, he made his observations, threw the lead, consulted the chart, and calculated his course. As a traveller, he marked his progress, ascertained his position, and took notice of any new scenery that opened upon him. As a physician, he examined into the state of his “soul’s health;” acknowledged soundness or detected disease; probed wounds or applied stimulants; required exercise or prescribed rest; saw the necessity for any change in the habits of the inward man; how he was famished or how fed; where he must abstain, with what he could be regaled; noting and recording symptoms and circumstances, and forming a judgment on the

whole case. Of these papers, several are contained in the volume before us. He often thus closed one year and began another; and he appears always to have distinguished the anniversary of his illness by special exercises of this sort. Under date December 25, 1813,—the year in which that memorable illness occurred,—there is a highly characteristic record of the manner in which he kept that Christmas day.\* And there is another paper,† dated January 1, 1830, extremely interesting, from the number of texts and passages of Scripture which are collected and arranged and *turned into prayers*. There is a list, too, now and then given, of “works laid out” for, or to be commenced in the course of, an anticipated year; always, I think, accompanied with the acknowledgment of Him in whose strength they were to be attempted, with references to the motives whence they were to flow, and indications of the spirit in which they would be done. Without meaning to encourage very frequent spiritual self-anatomy, which is in danger of becoming a morbid thing,—the act itself symptomatic of disease, and terminating often in nothing, or worse; and without recommending you to be constantly putting down what you will do—writing purposes, prescribing motives, or mapping your course of action;—I must still say,

\* Page 47.

† Page 242.

that an intelligent and thoughtful young man will find it useful, both to search into himself and to lay out the future, as Sir Fowell Buxton may be seen doing. Some people, indeed, offend rather than edify by their private disclosures;—he, never. Others spend life in planning how to live;—his plans were brief in their visible record when once formed within; and then, being formed, they were not so much written of, as *fulfilled*;—the things were not *thought about*, but *done*!

The last, great, powerful, and principal means, by which Sir Fowell Buxton appears to have nourished and enriched his piety, was PRAYER. He seems to have been a man of earnest and habitual devotion. He cultivated the spirit of prayer by thoughtfulness; by reading what was adapted to quicken and feed it; by writing, at times, his requests before God; and by very frequent vocal utterance. While an active, engaged, busy public man,—necessarily careful for and “cumbered” with many things,—he found time, or made it, for prayer. He was calmer and brighter for it; better and stronger. He lived and moved in it; in it he found the light of his spiritual being,—through it the support of his religious life. He wrote prayers in connection with his purposes of action; in the prospect of the year; in the anticipation of special events. When he anticipated

an improvement in his worldly circumstances, he prayed; when he wrote his books, he prayed; when he was collecting materials, and preparing his speeches, and fighting the “good fight” in the House of Commons, he did all with prayer. He prayed in his family,—and that, too, with serious preparation and fore-thought—that his topics might be selected and arranged, his spirit calm, his manner becoming, the service comprehensive, serious, instructive. For his work, his friends, his family, his children,—for the latter on great and important occasions, or at particular crises in their course,—prayers would seem to have been often offered, and sometimes written. He could not get on without prayer. He so habitually contemplated his public engagements as “working the work of God,” as the discharge of a service to which he was “called,”—which was allotted to him from above,—which had in itself the Divine approbation, and made necessary for him Divine aid,—that he was drawn to prayer in it as by a natural law; to him, there was that about his great public service that made prayer equally appropriate and necessary;—that drew him to it as by the force of a sympathy, and impelled him by considerations connected with success. Throughout life, as a part of his religion itself, in circumstances of sorrow and of joy, when “his

heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord," or his spirit broken and crushed by disasters, he prayed. The necessity to his soul of the hallowed exercise seemed to increase as his day declined. He found it to be strength in weakness, light in darkness, life in death. Through it, "though the outward man perished, the inward man was renewed day by day." Like his Divine Lord, as he drew near his last sufferings and was entering into them, he again and again prayed. "Being in an agony, he prayed more fervently." He sometimes "rose in the night," and spent considerable time in this exercise; with earnest utterance, as he expressed it, "praying hard." Like Jacob wrestling with the angel at Peniel, till the day broke, and he passed onward, having obtained the blessing.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;—  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven by prayer."

Sir Fowell Buxton's spirit and habit of prayer arose very much from the childlike simplicity of his religion; and from his power strongly to realize the absent and the distant, and, therefore, the spiritual and invisible, which, as a natural attribute of his mind, became faith when inspired by piety. After he became fixed and happy in his persuasion of the enjoyment of the Divine favor through Christ, he never

encouraged any perplexing doubts, or suffered himself to be seduced into the region of theological difficulties. The fact is, he had not time for the study of theology as a science, though he neither wanted taste nor power for recondite speculation. He was *religious*; he was not a theologian:—his inward life was religion in the heart far more than a body of divinity in the intellect. The consequence was, that he prayed like a child, believed as a child, trusted as a child; he asked, *expecting* an answer; — no more doubting that he would have one, than an obedient and beloved boy preferring a request to his father's power, or his mother's love, for something which he knows they are ready to grant. He troubled not himself about the objections to prayer arising from the perfections and purposes of God, or to the possibility of a particular Providence and to special Divine interferences in reply to supplication, arising from the fixed and general laws of the Divine government. He was taught to pray by a faith higher than philosophy, and impelled to it by an instinct stronger than reasoning. A logic of the heart suffered not the logic of the schools to be heard; or for a moment listened to, if it were. His spiritual convictions partook of the nature of intuition. His inward eye was opened, and he *saw*. Where others groped and were in doubt, he “handled”

and "felt," and was a bright, cheerful child of the day. What he had to do, he considered, was not to explain to himself, or to allow others to question, *how* God could aid or answer; but to "ask in faith," leaving the rest to Divine fidelity and Divine power. Hence, he was "careful for nothing, but, in everything, by prayer and supplication, he made his requests known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, kept his heart and mind by Jesus Christ." "He was in the constant habit," says his son, "of communicating his cares to his heavenly Father." "Prayer," said he himself, "is throwing up the heart to God continually. Not always using words, but casting up the thoughts to him. *Everything leads me to prayer*, and I **ALWAYS FIND IT ANSWERED**, both *in little and great things*." "I often wonder at the slow progress I have made of late years in religion, but *in this one respect I feel a difference* :—I *see the hand of a directing Providence* in the events of life, the lesser as well as the greater; and this is of great importance to me; for the belief that our actions, if attempted aright, are guided and directed by superior wisdom, is to me one of the greatest inducements to prayer; and I do think that the little trials I have met with have materially contributed to produce with me a habit of prayer." Sir Fowell's natural qualities of mind

and heart, which, disciplined by education and directed by principle, led to his power and activity in work, were *taken up* by his religion, and, through the grace and spirit of God, which we do not forget, and which he never forgot, did, spiritually, great and good service to himself. He was a thoroughly earnest man; had the simplicity and directness that characterize sound and vigorous minds when absorbed and possessed by a ruling passion; he was capable of so realizing the sufferings of others as to look upon them, feel them, ache under them, and thus to regard no labor as onerous, and no cost or self-denial painful, by which they might be mitigated. *Nature* was in all this, as well as grace; original power, as well as superadded and supernatural influences. But these qualities became ancillary to his own progress in spiritual things; to his perception of the Divine and his intercourse with God, even as they assisted him in his sympathy with humanity and his efforts for mankind. This is well put by his biographer, in the following suggestive and striking statement. “Long before that period to which he, at least, referred his first real acquaintance with the truths of Christianity, the peculiar features of his disposition had been cast in strong and permanent relief; and *the religious acts of his mind are deeply stamped with the fashion of its native character.* It

possessed one element which, beyond all others, gave shape to the development of his religious principles. This was his power of realizing the conceptions of his mind and imagination with scarcely less force and vividness than that which realized external objects. Thus he grasped the idea of a future state, not with a mere passive belief, but with a strong, effective conviction, as *a matter of fact* of startling plainness, and which gave him, to a remarkable degree, a consciousness of the hollow vanity of all earthly pleasures and interests.” There is added to this, as accounting for his habit of prayer, and the direct and simple faith with which he prayed, the following statement:—“But what chiefly marked his religious character, was the absolute childlike confidence with which he clung to the guiding hand of his heavenly Father, wherever his path might lie. There was, in fact, no event in his life which he did not attribute to his immediate direction.” Of this faith, prayer was the habitual utterance; and by this habitual utterance, faith itself was preserved in exercise and “increased in might.” “It took hold of God’s strength,” and reposed lovingly beneath his Fatherhood. That God and Father “saw it in secret and rewarded it openly;”—“heard” it “in heaven,” and honored it on earth!

Such was our friend as a man of prayer. Now, I really believe, if you, young men, will

study the facts which make up this portrait, and look at the personal embodiment of religion in this actual history of a living man, it will do far more to defend you against sceptical and metaphysical difficulties about prayer, than any reasoning addressed to the understanding ; and far more to convince you of the truth and divinity of our holy faith, than arguments and evidences of another kind. Let me entreat you to pray as an act of faith,—in obedience to Divine injunction and promise,—as the appropriate expression of the religious instinct against which all objections are vain, however unanswerable,—instead of thinking that you must first meet satisfactorily infidel objections. You might as well imagine that, in natural things, an infant should abstain from the breast till it understands the subject of atmospheric pressure,—or you yourselves from food till you perfectly comprehend the process of nutrition,—or every one of us from noble impulses of the heart till we consult the miserable scruples of the head. Spiritually, you may as well imagine that you are to understand the Infinite before you will worship,—or expect God to give to you an “account of his matters” before you will obey. Why, you need the mysterious to worship at all. You cannot adore where you fully comprehend. Instead of thinking that “where mystery begins religion ends,” you should rather

feel that without mystery there can actually be no religion at all. Not only, therefore, do not "restrain prayer before God," but "stir up yourselves to take hold of him." Depend upon it, that is true, in all ages, of devout men, which is stated respecting the ancient church,—"*They called upon God, and HE ANSWERED THEM.*" Sir Fowell Buxton enjoyed, with some of his intimate friends,—friends equally as Christians and politicians,—the solace and strength of social prayer. They met at the residence of one of them, near "the house," when the debates permitted; took tea together; read a portion of Scripture, and prayed. They then returned to their duties, with no feeling, rely upon it, diminished, that was requisite for them, in their worldly conflicts, "to quit themselves like men." The following fact will appropriately conclude this particular:—

After the conclusion of the American war of Independence, the delegates of the States assembled for the purpose of adjusting the constitution of the republic. After many days, during which little or no progress was made, and in which, elated by their victory, and their then novel condition of independence, they forgot the acknowledgment which was due to Him who had led them to triumph,—in the midst of their perplexities, the celebrated Franklin,—a man but slightly imbued with the spirit of

true Christianity, but who had a profound philosophical reverence for God,—stood up in Congress, and gave utterance to the following remarkable language. Referring to the spirit of prayer that characterized them during the eight years' conflict, and in which they had become remiss, he said :—

“ And have we now forgotten the powerful Friend ? Or do we imagine that we no longer need His assistance ? I have lived a long time ; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth—that GOD GOVERNS IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN ; and, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid ? We have been assured, in the Sacred Writings, that, ‘ Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.’ I FIRMLY BELIEVE THIS ; and I also believe that, without his concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel : we shall be divided by our little partial local interests,—our projects will be confounded,—and ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages ; and, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war and conquest.”

The historian records, that, from this moment,

a spirit of sobriety and judgment fell upon the delegates; that forthwith, as if oil had been poured upon the waves, their deliberations became harmonious, and that, within a reasonable space, they completed the constitution.

3. The third particular was, to explain the manner in which the religious life demonstrated itself in Sir Fowell Buxton. I feel, however, it will be necessary to do very little here, as much that has been said partakes obviously of a two-fold character. Many of those things by which his religion was advanced were, at the same time, things by which it was shown. One or two points may be glanced at for a moment.

To those who knew him best, the religious life must have appeared as the spirit and spring of the worldly life; — that which gave vigor to its movements, elevation to its aims, sanctity to its motives. The whole phenomena that appeared in the outward man must have been a revelation, to those who understood it, of his inward being; not merely of natural strength, of mental vigor, of moral sympathies — but of all, animated and purified by religious faith. We can often only look on “the outward appearance,” and can know nothing more of a man. We have no means of judging beyond what we see. We may discern in it virtue, — but those who can look deeper may see that it

springs from a Divine source, and is alive with a spirit that makes it holiness. It was thus that Sir Fowell Buxton would appear to some. When he seemed to the world only to be humane, benevolent, patriotic, he might be known to be influenced by those feelings which made all these things religious. "*He that in these things serveth Christ, is acceptable to God and approved of men.*" It is possible for these two results to be separated. In the thoroughly Christian man they are combined. He may be "approved of men," because of the act — the outward form; he is "acceptable to God," because of the motive — the inward principle: but, in such a case, the outward form is the embodiment and clothing of the principle. In so far, therefore, as all that our friend did had in it any intension, purity, or force, *which it could not have had without his religion*, so far his worldly life was a constant utterance and incarnation of the Divine.

As to more specifically religious acts. There is his conduct during the illness of his two brothers, and the sentiments to which he gives indulgence and expression at their death. There is his deportment when visited with domestic calamity, — the successive removal, in a very short period, of four children. There is the hue of his familiar letters; — there is the tone of his correspondence with his friends; — there is the religious solicitude he expresses towards some

— the encouragement administered to others, — here there is reproof, there persuasion. Then, there was the maintenance of family prayer. The service was conducted neither as a form, nor *with* a form; — though, with the latter, there may be as much piety in the duty as without it. Still, his mode of conducting it showed the strength and maturity of his, for it impressed observers with a deep conviction of his earnestness and faith. Still further, there were his Sunday evening services when in the country: his having his hall or parlor thrown open to the neighbors, — the villagers being invited to attend the worship, — his reading the Scriptures, and, by a plain, familiar exposition, “causing the people to understand the meaning.” This might not be very regular; — it might not be canonical; — it might not even be legal; — for churchmen in this respect have not the same liberty with dissenters; — but such thoughts never troubled Sir Fowell Buxton. He believed that any one who understood Christianity might teach it to others who knew it not; that his capacity and position conferred ability, and gave influence, which he might exercise and use for God; that, in what he did, he was only acting out his principles and his professions; and that if, in doing so, he was out of harmony with anything on earth, — with political enactments or ecclesiastical law — he

was *in* harmony with a higher system of obligation and duty than either; — with the mind of God, with the Divine government, and with the spirit and order of that “holy church,” of which all true believers consist, which has its members in every denomination, and is *thus* spread “throughout all the world.” He was in harmony with Him who rebuked his apostles for forbidding one to cast out devils who “followed not with *them*,”— who himself preached to the poor, though some rudely asked for his authority; — and “of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.” These Sunday evening services were but another expression of that spirit which displayed itself in the support and advocacy of Bible and Missionary Societies; which prompted him laboriously to master their reports, that he might intelligently take part in their anniversaries; and that led him to identify himself with the constitution and actings of the “City Mission,” as, for many years, its treasurer and chairman. In the same way, all his kindness, benevolence, philanthropy; his cheerfulness, tenderness and truth; the sympathizing heart, the relieving hand; his moral principles and social amenities; the substantial materials and the minute adornments of the structure of his character; were all things by which, and through which, the light that was in him shone forth, or in which there

was the Divine element as well as the natural ; gracious communications — as well as disposition, culture and habit.

4. The last thing we proposed to advert to was, to inquire — and well we may, perhaps, after the representations we have gathered and given — whether there was anything about Sir Fowell Buxton, and what, inconsistent with the religious professions he made in his lifetime, or with the character of the documents published since his death ?

Two or three times Sir Fowell Buxton was blamed in respect to his public life ; but there was nothing in the accusations that would materially affect our present inquiry. He was blamed for acceding to the compensation and apprenticeship clauses of the Slavery Emancipation Act. I can only say, without going into reasons, that I conceive he did what not only admitted of defence but of justification. I think he was right. He was greatly censured for being, as it was thought, behind a more advanced section of abolitionists, in not sympathizing with them, and trying to put an end to the apprenticeship before it would legally expire. To this, it may be replied, — he was open to evidence, though he stood firm, at first, to the bargain the nation had made with the colonies ; that he listened and read — admitted the force of the representations made — and aided his

accusers to achieve success. With respect to the Niger Expedition, it is enough to say, it was a great misfortune, but not a fault.

I know not that it is necessary to notice the charge against him of unsound churchmanship; for even those that made it would hardly, I suppose, consider that it went to the root of his religion, and made *that* unsound. There is a great lesson, indeed, conveyed to us poor mortals, both in the fact that Buxton was abused for his opinion and vote on the Irish Church question, and by the circumstance of one of his friends laboring to establish his Church-of-Englandism, or to excuse and account for its deficiencies. When our friend differed from some of his own, on a church question, the cry was, “Buxton cuts me to the heart; I never read such *hollow, weak, flashy, unsatisfactory* speeches in my life.” “And this,” says Buxton himself, “but represents the general impression among the Evangelicals.” It is very sad that we cannot differ from one another without anger;—or that my brother cannot take a position different from mine, without immediately losing, in my eyes, all the ability I used to admire in him. It is like the case of one of my colleagues in this lecture, who was not long ago regarded as distinguished both by talents and worth; but who, having acknowledged that he sees differently from his friends, and, to be con-

sistent, acts on that perception, is now spoken of, in many quarters, as if he had neither virtue nor parts. It is very hard to accord to others the liberty we claim; and exceedingly so, if they exercise that liberty in such a way as would impose on us disagreeable duties. It is the same everywhere, — among all parties, and in all men. It is human nature with its self-love offended and hurt, and reluctant to the task of forgiving, justifying, or refuting the offender. As to Sir Fowell Buxton, he was something far greater than either good Churchman or good Dissenter, — he was a GOOD MAN, — a loving, liberal, large-hearted, thorough Christian man, — a noble, simple, true man. He loved the Church of England — no question about it; — admired her Liturgy, and enjoyed her services, as I do, — and, perhaps, believed in the allowableness of her episcopal constitution. But he looked at the principles in which all the good agree, rather than to the things in which churches differ. He was far more affected by true *work*, by whomsoever done, than by modes and forms; in fact, he had a good deal of the Quaker in some of his preferences, and could not possibly care for or sympathize with much of “the mint, anise and cumin,” which is as sacred in the eyes of some as the dust of Jerusalem was dear to the Jew. He hears a clergyman preach a good sermon.

“It would not have disgraced,” he says, “*Goat Lane*,”— that was the Quaker’s Meeting at Norwich. “I have heard,” he continues, “those there, that would not have disgraced a cathedral.” Some of them, I dare say, from his “sweet sister,” Priscilla Gurney. After giving an account of what he calls “a remarkably comfortable Sunday,” spent well in private, happily in public, with one of Mr. Pratt’s best sermons, and a delightful communion service, he thus concludes:— “You will hardly believe that I had a kind of longing for Norwich Meeting. In the shape of religious service, a Friends’ meeting-house, with Joseph and Priscilla for teachers, is the most congenial to my mind;— more so, I think, than anything else.” “For ornament, for display of wealth, for music,” he writes from Rome, “for, in short, a SCENE, *fifty to one on St. PETER’S CATHEDRAL* against the Friends’ meeting-house at Plaistow:— for worship in spirit and in truth, *fifty to one on Plaistow Meeting* against St. Peter’s and all its glories.” The liberality for which some would apologize, is to me the proof of a genial nature, and of good *Christianity-ship*;— of a sound understanding, a sound heart, and a sound creed.

I am not sure whether I ought to notice the tee-total objection. His business as a brewer is thought to be against him. No Christian, it is

supposed, could continue in such a trade. As I do not myself consider the tee-total theory true, nor its practices binding, — though I acknowledge and rejoice in the good it has wrought, — I can, of course, believe in the lawfulness of Sir Fowell Buxton's business. Everything lawful can be defended; I could defend, therefore, his making porter, just as I could defend his going into parliament. At the same time, I am willing to concede, that such very large concerns have their temptations; that they may involve such a necessity for the possession and maintenance of so much public-house property as can hardly be a happy subject of contemplation; that they are symptoms of a state of society, and may possibly operate as encouragements to it, which one would willingly see improved; — and, in short, that they, and nothing like them, will exist in the millennium. Still, while admitting all this, I do believe that Sir Fowell Buxton would not willingly have supported a system which was worked in any way inconsistent with public morals. Besides, one who entered into the business forty years ago, before tee-totalism was ever heard of, is not to be judged by the state of the public mind now, — certainly not by that of only a part of the public. “Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing

which he alloweth." This blessedness, unquestionably, was our friend's.

The only thing which I have heard of lately, as particularly scandalizing some parties, is Sir Fowell Buxton's fondness for shooting. They cannot understand it. There is a mystery in the thing. The idea of a man having family worship, reading the Bible, and then going out with the gun! Still more, that he should write down, with the same pen, an account of his shooting into the sky against the birds, and then something about his soul soaring above it by faith and prayer! It is strange—suspicious—inexplicable! They cannot make it out. I really believe that many good and pious people are seriously distressed by the thought of this matter; while others, who dislike an Evangelical, or abhor a Whig, make themselves merry, or pretend to be serious, over Buxton's inconsistency. Had he only happened to have been simply orthodox, or a "high and dry," and *on the right side*, he might have passed for "a pillar," or a "buttress," of the good old sort, if he had not had more religion in the whole of his great big body that he really had in his little finger.

The fact, in my honest opinion, is neither more nor less than this:—Sir Fowell Buxton was rather too keen a sportsman; he was devoted to shooting to something like excess.

He admitted and lamented it, I think. I don't quite like his feeding the pheasants out of the window, — petting the creatures he intended to fire at, — though, perhaps, this is more sentimentalism than philosophy, or may be indicative of my innocence in respect to the gun. However, admitting all this, the explanation and defence of Sir Fowell Buxton I rest on this fact: — he was never a vicious man; he was never drawn away by any field-companions into a debauch. Had he, at any time, sunk into low and sensual habits, — especially if these could have been traced to his shooting associates, — then, when he was met by God's grace, and, as he would in that case have been, *suddenly converted*, he would never have touched a gun more; — he would have regarded it as the means of his fall, — he would have hated it as the memorial of his disgrace. But he had no such feelings. Shooting, with him, had never been anything but an innocent recreation. It is not an immorality *in itself*. Nobody can honestly see a resemblance between Buxton writing in his journal after shooting, and Rochester doing so when plotting to govern James by a harlot!\* Shooting had braced Buxton when a boy; — had kept him out of mischief, perhaps, when a lad; — gave him health and recreation as a man; — reanimated

\* See Macaulay's History of England, vol. II., pp. 73, 74.

his jaded and worn-out system as a member of parliament, when sunk and wasted with the toils of a session. Had it been ever associated with immorality, it would have been abandoned when a change took place in his character; but that change was really *gradual*, — it was growth and development, progress and advance, rather than turning round; — and hence his continuance in the use of an exercise which he had no painful reasons for abandoning. Depend upon it, some Christians shun things that others can approach, because, in the one case, there is the painful recollection of perversion and abuse, and, in the other, there is nothing but the innocent and rational use of an allowable liberty or a defensible indulgence. I would not willingly lower the standard of Christian conduct. I think the more a man is above an excessive or enslaving attachment to shooting, or boating, or anything else, so much the better; but I also think that there is a great lesson for the young in the fact, that while “to the pure all things are pure,” “to them that are defiled there is nothing pure.” He who has preserved himself “unspotted,” — who has lived without darkening the recollections of memory or poisoning the springs of thought, — who has been “kept from the pollutions that are in the world through lust,” — who has not *forfeited his right* to look

round him with a sparkling eye and "a merry heart," — such an one, however spiritual he may become, will always regard with candor and love the conduct of others, and will feel, too, that his religious growth requires but little to be positively abandoned in his own. Religion is the enemy of no pleasure consistent with innocence.

#### IV.

Such was Sir Fowell Buxton, — in his constitution and character, his labors and his fortune, his life and death: — such was he by nature, by circumstances, by self-culture, and by the grace of God. There he stands, A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN. Although I am well aware that I have left many things unsaid which might have been advanced, and that would have added, here and there, something of grace or beauty to the picture, yet, as I have labored to give you a full view of all that was essential to' the completeness of the subject, so, I hope, I have on the whole done so. What a pure, manly, useful, noble life has passed before you! How much in the character of the man to awaken admiration, to inspire respect, to attract love, to encourage effort and to prompt to imitation! Only compare such a life as Sir Fowell Buxton's with other forms of life that will occur to you, — or the elements and spirit

of his character,—its strength and depth, its humanity and religiousness,—with that of some whom you may have known, or of whom you have heard or read. I make no claim for Sir Fowell Buxton of extraordinary genius, or even of splendid talents. I do claim for him, however, what is better than either, and more valuable than both or all. I sum up my conception of him,—in the language of the Book he so much loved, and in words which honor the Source of “every good and perfect gift:”—“God gave unto him *the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.*” I know no statement that more accurately comprehends and conveys what our friend was. Take him as such, and compare him with any one you like—distinguished or undistinguished—of the sons of men; his friends can calmly abide the issue. Contrasts, however, occur to us of many sorts; and some of them very affecting.

One of the finest specimens I know, of virtue without piety, is presented in the “Life of the late Sir Samuel Romilly.” The book is exceedingly interesting, and the character of Sir Samuel comes out in many aspects of goodness and beauty. But to a religious mind,—to one especially imbued with the spirit of evangelical belief and of earnest devotion,—it is one of the most melancholy books, and the picture of its

accomplished subject one of the saddest sights, I know. Romilly and Buxton both rose into distinction through inherent force of character, and alike rose, we might almost say, from the city; they both were members of parliament,— both gave their attention to some subjects in common,— both were made baronets; each had his Life written by his son, and the character of each has much resemblance, in some of its solid excellences, to the other. But there is not the slightest indication of piety, according to our views of it, in Romilly's "Life," from beginning to end. He never *prayed*, properly speaking; for he had views which made him imagine it was wrong or unnecessary to ask anything "from above." The nearest approach to prayer that appears, is a paper containing a sort of philosophical address to God; — grateful, indeed, but as emphatically *heathen* as if no gospel had ever been revealed. How different the volume before us! One of its most remarkable features is the quantity of it indicative of Buxton's devout "walking with God" while continually busy with the world and men. Romilly and Buxton both married, though at different ages, those who filled them with supreme satisfaction. By the loss of his wife, the mind of the one was so overturned that he fell, a few days afterwards, by his own hand. The other had not to pass through the

same sorrow;—but he had deep afflictions, under which his faith sustained him, and there is no doubt that if he had been called to the greatest allotted to man, he would have been able to say, though not without anguish and tears, “The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?”

Look at Sheridan, again. How poor the man of wit and genius appears, in comparison with our plodding, uninspired Sir Fowell! How wretchedly low, the careless, reckless, impulsive creature, seen by the side of the man of prudence, of worth, of piety,—the man who had no respect for anything that would contravene DUTY—no notion of great parts or true manhood separate from God! Sheridan labored to be brilliant—Buxton to be substantial. The one often spoke for immediate effect—the other always to secure a valuable end; the one thought of fame—the other of usefulness; the one was willing to be admired—the other wished to be understood; the one had no great aim in life, no grand moral object—the other was possessed by passions and ends that elevated and dignified him; the one left no memorial in anything done—the other achieved much that he attempted. Poor Sheridan! a man feeble in principle, extravagant, careless, selfish; one whom nobody could help, and who would not help himself; who was praised for

his powers, admired for occasional great efforts, and for some light literary productions, but who did nothing approaching to what *labor* and *morals* might have helped him to accomplish. He progressively descended, lower and lower, in his tastes and habits,— went on, without respect and without sympathy, till, at last, he sunk into the grave a shadow and a wreck, leaving many to mourn — many to pity — but none who really honored him while living, or who could venerate or enshrine his memory when dead. How opposite to all this the character before you !

It would be easy to dwell upon other instances. Contrast, for instance, Buxton's life with that of one of mere refinement, literature, show, voluptuousness,— like that of Beckford or Fonthill. How poor the man of taste and extravagance, beside an individual whose career embodied the poetry of *utility*— utility in its highest and best sense;— the poetry of all that is great and sterling, bold and bright, in the purest morals, the most manifest unselfishness, toil for the benefit of others— service and sympathy wherever needed ! Beautiful thoughts, beautiful words, style of composition, style of life, pomp, magnificence, and so on,— these things are all very well ; but it is better to *be* a great book than to write one,— to live and act a poem, than to compose it. It is a fine thing

for a man's life to be a true epic. Great pursuits and high purposes constituting the idea; moral conflicts, the battles and victories; good deeds, the sounding lines; the sweet rhythm, the flowing harmonies of a pure conscience; and the poetical justice seen in the end, the glorious working out of God's eternal laws in favor of all who serve him loyally. What miserable *moral* composition some of your fine authors and great poets themselves are! What doggerel in comparison with the glorious psalm of a good man's life!

How different again, and how superior, Buxton's course to that of a weak-headed, soft-hearted, benevolent enthusiast! One whose own habits may not be bad, but who has spent his life in the dissemination of principles — under the idea of benefiting the world! — which corrupt and debase wherever they prevail. A man who has spent a fortune in Utopian plans for remodelling society, — who believes himself in possession of just the thing that all the nations of the world want, — who has tried to explain it to many, but who has got few to believe and fewer to understand him. A man who, so far as his views have had any effect, has done nothing but mischief, and given rise to nothing but disorder; and who yet clings to the idea that, if he could only get society to reconstruct itself, to give up religion, to aban-

don certain social monopolies that lie at the basis of domestic life, pull down all towns and cities, and arrange itself according to the pattern of some ideal parallelograms—all would be well, nothing could hinder the dawn of the millennium! How much better for Buxton, that he possessed the spirit of "*a sound mind!*!" How much wiser he, to spend his life in aiming at possibilities; and how happy for him at last, to feel that he had not lived and labored in vain!

What a contrast is Buxton to others of his contemporaries! A banker in Berners-street finds himself in difficulties, and commences a course of fraud and forgery to keep up the credit of the house. At all hazards, he will retain his place in society, and have, at least, the outward seeming of a gentleman,—though he is pursuing, all the time, a life of deceit and falsehood, and appropriating the property of others as his own. As might be expected, personal habits are as irregular as the social are criminal. He lives without knowing the blessedness of a home; a husband without the rites of the church,—a father without the sanctities of the relation. At length, early on a dark, damp November morning, a continual low murmuring sound is heard increasing in the thoroughfares of the city. Before the dark abode of punishment and crime, men are busy erect-

ing the apparatus of death. Yellow flashes from various torches flickering against it render it dimly visible to the eye, while the hollow sounds of the workman's hammer fall like heavy strokes upon the heart. At length it is day; thousands upon thousands are discovered — the packed filth and refuse of the metropolis — *waiting to see a gentleman hanged!* There he is! Beautifully dressed; elegant in figure; his hair, slightly touched by time, moving in the wind; he has all the appearance of being born to move in cultivated society, and to find his equals *there*. But he is *HERE*. And now, — see, — *he is left by every individual having the aspect of one of his own class.* He has brought himself to the level of the wretched dregs and offscouring of all things, who seem to hold him as their associate, and to hail him as one identified with themselves! What a terrible price to have to pay for the past! There is nothing in the universe so expensive as sin. Moral courage, true power, principle, religion, would not only have kept the man from sinking into the criminal, but might have raised him high into usefulness and honor. The banker might have equalled the brewer, if, like him, he had purposed, and worked, and believed, and prayed.

What a contrast such a life as the one before us to that of the man who lives for nothing but

to grub on, get money, hoard, and leave it! And how such people sometimes leave it! — causing the world to wonder, first at the enormous amount of their wealth, and then at the folly or vanity — the meanness or injustice — of its testamentary distribution. There was an old tradesman whom I knew by sight, and whom Buxton, I dare say, knew. He accumulated much. Every Sunday morning he used to ride out into the country, walk about a little on Clapham Common, and return to dinner. I used to meet him regularly. It was but a poor form of life his; — nothing divine about it. He was a social, genial man, too, in his way — but had no idea but that of getting money; not much faith, I fear, in anything beyond that, — and the “great fact,” indeed, of the unseen, but not unfelt, reality — the stomach! He married his cook; died very rich; and left some thousands to his Company “to make themselves comfortable!” What an idea of the end for which man was born! This man and Buxton seem like beings of a different species — yet were they alike; living at the same time; inhabiting the same city; within the sound of the same Gospel, and capable of the same Divine life.

What a contrast between Buxton’s life and that of the man of passion and pleasure! In the second series of Howitt’s “Visits to Remarkable Places” you will find an account of the

dying words of Sir Francis Delaval, lamenting a useless, frivolous, dissipated life; and urging on the attention of Mr. Edgeworth the importance of so living as to be pure and happy in himself, and advising him to seek to be “*useful to mankind.*” Buxton *was* all this; *but he was more.* As we have repeatedly said, his outward, useful, beneficent course—his eminent moral virtues, were all sustained and purified by the impulses of a renewed nature and the principles of a Divine life. Lord Chesterfield says, that the world, and men of the world, are all like a painted and illuminated theatre—very dazzling and splendid in appearance, but not bearing to be examined, or fit to be looked at, in respect to the secret sources of illusion. “I,” said he, “have been on the other side of the scenes. I know what lies beneath and behind. Beautiful to appearance the world and men, as to the outside show of life, — but — to see, as I have seen, the ropes and pulleys of the stage; to have to smell the smouldering tallow candles; and to be annoyed with the oils and paints used for getting up the deceit,— it is enough to sicken us with the thought of the hollowness of all things.” Now, the very reverse of all this is the case *here*; and, in spite of infirmity, with every true and holy man. Buxton was like a time-piece that, in its outward movements, visibly goes in har-

mony with the sun ; the regularity and truth of whose index is accounted for when we examine its works, and see, as Chesterfield says, what is “beneath and behind.” We find, in the first place, all the wheels well made, and of good material ; and we find, in the second, that the central spring, whence issue motion and power to every part, rests upon a diamond, and is incapable of disturbance ! In the case of a man of sound understanding and sanctified affections, the analogy is complete. The outward is correct ; — the works underneath, of head and heart, are strong and good ; — but the basis and source of all activity, — the grand preserver of visible order, — is *the Divine principle in the centre of being* ; THE LIFE OF GOD IN THE SOUL OF MAN.

Hear, then, the conclusion of the whole matter. Study the subject that has been presented to you ; meditate upon it ; pray over it ; and strive to be like it. In many things you may. I know the objection which some of you are ready to offer. You would say, “It is all very well talking ; but, — give us the position, the opportunities, and the chances, of Buxton, and we will be something too. What can be done by young men without an opening, without a start, without connections, without capital, without society ; — worn out by unrelieved toil, and ready, therefore, to find solace in excitement,

and tempted to take recreation on the Sabbath?" Well, I make allowance for the difference of position. Sir Fowell Buxton *was* in more favored circumstances than many of you; still, as I told you before, you may be benefited by the *principles* involved in any example, however different the individual from yourselves in rank. You have much to struggle with. The isolation in which many of you are placed, residing by yourselves in large establishments like so many monastic institutions, is not good for you;—it may be unfavorable to happiness, to morals, to manners, to religion. I hope, however, that with respect to some of these things, there is a process of improvement going on. THE EARLY CLOSING movement is advancing, and is gaining strength as it proceeds. Some wholesale houses are even beginning to give the Saturday afternoon, in addition to the evening hours. If this becomes general—and I know not why London should be behind Manchester—there will be no conceivable excuse for Sunday recreations. The influence of a society like this may be expected, also, gradually to produce an effect on your employers; and, where such things are not, to lead to libraries and reading-rooms, and conveniences for retirement, that you may have, in their establishments, the means of happy and useful home-occupation, and opportunity for private reflection and thought. But sup-

pose the worst. Put everything in the most unfavorable light, and, when the worst is realized, it just comes to this, that there is the greater need for your carefully attending to those very things which have been set before you,—for cultivating the natural virtue of resolute determination,—and seeking the Divine gifts of an inward life. None of you may be BUXTONS *in the actual form of your outward course*, but all of you may, *in your principles and character*. By studying him as a model, you may even come to surpass him; for, your circumstances may be such as to make the difference all in your favor, supposing you should approach to anything *like* what he was.

I have known many cases in which there have been, in their degree, in young men of your class, essentially the same sort of experience and history as that we have been going through to-night. A young lad has come from a town in Yorkshire, or a village in Sussex,—like Buxton from Devonshire, with its beautiful scenery and spreading sea; or, like others, from the land of the lake and the heather,—from the fresh breezes of moor and mountain,—and he has been set down, solitary and inexperienced, in the midst of the crowds and warehouses of the city. I have known such in imminent peril from the influence of his first associates; but good sense, self-respect, ambi-

tion to rise,—the Christian friend, the Bible, and the Church,—have combined in their influences to preserve or to restore, to raise to respectability and to sanctify by religion. I have known the Aldersgate Institution do for some what Dublin University did for Buxton. Habits of self-improvement have been formed, which have been favorable to character, to advancement in society, and success in life. An Easter visit to a friend's family in the country, or contact with his sister or cousin in town, has brought, perhaps, to bear on manly force the influence at once of intelligence and piety. New motives have arisen for action—a higher influence been infused into the character. Then there has been the opening presented,—and the attempt made,—and the beginning, and the rise, and the determined perseverance, and the steady advance, till the man has felt his position established, and found his place among the traders and merchants of the land. All this while, I have known going on *mental processes connected with religion*, which have been opening the intellect to truth, drawing the heart to God, and fitting the man for the associations and duties of a *church-life*, in connection with his manly battle in the world.

Men talk about heroes and the heroic element;—there is abundant room for the display of the latter in many positions of obscure city-

life,— and many of the former have lived and worked nobly, though unknown. The noblest biographies are not always written. There have been great, heroic men, who have toiled on in their daily duties; and suffered, and sacrificed, and kept their integrity; and served God, and helped their connections, and got on themselves; who have displayed in all this, qualities of character,— of mind, courage, goodness,— that would have honored a bishop, a general, or a judge. The world once saw your “hero” in nothing but the strong, stalwart, fighting man;— and it has not quite got above that yet. How the devil must chuckle at his success, when he gets a fellow to think himself something wonderful, because he can dress in scarlet or blue, and have a sword by his side and a feather in his hat;— and when he says to him. (and the poor fool believes it,) “*Your* hands are far too delicate to be soiled by the dirt of the counter and the shop:”— and then whispers to himself, “Keep them for *blood*— *human blood!*” Fifty to one— as Buxton says of Plaistow and the Pope— fifty to one on *the great unknown*— on Brown, Smith, and Jones— on any *one* of them, against Cæsar and Napoleon. Wood-street against Waterloo, the world over!

The lesson of this lecture is to help you all, in the highest moral sense, to be strong and reso-

lute men ;— pure, devout, God-fearing men. To stimulate you to aim at getting on in life ; to encourage you to try to rise in the world ;— and to remind you that, for this, energy and character are of far more importance than opportunity or luck. Energy will create the one,— character is the best form of the other. Above all, we wish to teach you, that whatever be the turn your fortunes may take, — *that* piety, prayer, and faith, — *that* holy converse with God, — which were the brightest parts of the picture you have seen, and the best possession of the man who sat for it, — may be yours. The source whence Sir Fowell Buxton drew his strength is open for you ;— the Saviour that died for him is yours ;— the Gospel that he believed is as much your property as it was his ;— and prayer can do as much for you as it did for him. I take my leave of you with hearty good wishes ; praying that the present Young Men of London may nobly determine, by God's help, to be what some Young Men of London have been before them.

















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